

DIARY

P. H. Love.

~~100~~
9,30

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DIARY.

Leaves from my Diary.

During my whole stay as an unwilling guest of the Kaiser I kept a diary. This was "strong verboten", and at every search (and they were numerous) my little book had to be hidden.

Finally there seemed ~~no~~ chance of smuggling it out of Germany (when I ^{was lucky enough to go} went to Switzerland); so after reading it carefully I destroyed it.

The following narrative is almost entirely from memory helped by a few short hand notes.

A duplicate of the Diary in short Hand was taken away at Constance; may the Hun ^{showed he took the trouble to decipher it} little my criticisms ~~on~~ ^{but} his little ways. Naturally at the time I wrote I ~~was~~ more bitter than now all the same I never wish to see or meet another of the race.

M.W.

- X To give the devil his due it is but fair to state that I had had ^{as yet} neither money nor personal property removed.

1.

Sept 20th. 1914. My first clear impression was, that I was in the enemy's field Hospital. This was in a farm building. We were halted and allowed to lie down. Immediately we were surrounded by a crowd of inquisitive soldiers. They seemed more too pleased to see us! I on the outside of the circle, we had formed, was kicked by one of these apostles of culture, in the ribs. After waiting about an hour or so it was evident that this hospital would have nothing to do with us. We left one of our number ^{who was too badly} ~~wounded~~ ^{to move}, and continued our journey. We were a party of between 50 & 60, all wounded. We were marched at a slow pace, apparently along a road which ran more or less parallel to the ~~Aisne~~ ^{Marne}. We passed the batteries which had been shelling us in the morning, and the captain ^{which had directed their fire.} sausages shaped balloon. We ~~passed~~ ^{MET} a large number of troops, who were for the most part abusive. The walk seemed interminable. It was night when we reached a small town. Here again the hospital would have none of us. ^{Later} we were placed in a church. This had been laid out with matresses for the wounded, the enemy's wounded. We were all placed in a kind of chapel. I think there was straw on the floor. Our captors gave us nothing to eat. At a later hour however a French sister of mercy brought us bread and soup - and kind words. We were ^{naturally} surrounded by a ring of bayonets. It was very cold. Fortunately I had a flask of whisky. We three officers had a nip and then managed to doze.

X Sept 21st. After being given some so called coffee we were ordered to fall in and march. After a comparatively short ~~walk~~ we reached our destination LAON. This is a town perched on the top of a hill. To the very ^{apex} top we went. Here we had to wait on the side of the street, whilst herds of the enemy's, slightly wounded, were marched past. It was surprising the number that seemed to be hit in

X similar in fact to that in the first room in —
which we had been located.

α (German N.C.O's)

and legs. We thought our shooting must have been
very low.

2.

the fact. After this halt we were marched into the hospital which was in ^{what had been,} the French Barracks. Inside ~~it~~ was ^{all} a ~~case~~ of ^{one} ~~with our~~ chaos ~~cases~~. We were all placed ^{in one} into the same room ~~with the men~~. We were given soup and meat in a bowl, the same as the German privates, for which no charge was made. The hospital itself was ^{obviously} ¹ greatly understaffed. We came across British soldiers, who had been lying there for a week or so without any attention. There was one young German Doctor who spoke English and was more or less of a "saint". In the end he had us put into a room by ourselves. Here we spent the night of the 21st 22nd. The furniture of the room consisted of a few forms and tables ~~X~~. Most of the panes of glass were out of the windows and it was bitterly cold. I spent the night lying on a heap of blood stained bandages on the bare boards. We, none of us had great coats. I slept literally in the arms of a brother officer, the third of our party snored away in another quarter. Not much sleep was my lot, as the place was full of rats. This day we were allowed a wash, in a wash house. No soap or towels were however obtainable. The following day our wounds were inspected by the head man. He was very hard at work. We were informed that we should be much better off when we arrived in Germany. Several times during our stay here did field rebels ^{come} up and revile us. Frequently we were told that we should be shot as soon as we were in Germany. During our stay a French aeroplane came over which was heavily fired at by the troops. One German officer of, I presume, the intelligence Dept; came and interviewed us but he left more the wiser. I have forgotten quite how long we stayed here. The sanitary conditions were truly awful. In a few days ^{however} we were again on the march.

our march was well over 20 Kilometres, which as I had had the sole of my boot ripped off ^{by a bullet} on the 20th. I accomplished with one foot on the ground. We were joined by a large party of French prisoners. All the English in our party I may state were wounded. We ^{were} ~~marched~~^{fell in} at the tail of the column with the strongest part of the escort. It was a trying march. Some French women tried to give us fruit, apples etc. But most ^{of them} were beaten off, by the butts of the escort's rifles. Some of the persistent ones however did succeed in their aims... At night we reached our destination a small town at rail head. The only real incident, was a German General who stopped his car, dismounted and hurled a torrent of abuse at our English heads!

At this town ^{probably MARLE} we were treated as officers. I put this in because it was an exception, which I came across, but few times during my captivity. We were taken to a small Inn where we were privileged to order a supper and pay for it. And we 3 English and 2 French officers, were placed in a small room where there were 3 beds. ^{for a week see} I was dead tired and it was the first time I had had my clothes off, ~~but~~ I slept like a log. Next morning we had a continental breakfast, for which we paid. and were set ^{on} route for the railway station, being joined by several French doctors. We were put in a III class carriage. I forgot to mention one example of German culture on the march, namely that the escort made our wounded men carry their marching order kit. I will say, that generally at the end of the march they gave the men tobacco, for doing the job.

Whilst waiting in this station we were visited by several German officers - One gave me tobacco, the first smoke

X

& that

* In Germany he was a big man politically.

that I had had for several days. But we soon saw that we, and the French, were on quite different footings. Thus whilst the French were merely asked if they had any weapons, we were minutely searched. They also wanted us to give our parole not to escape; of course we did nothing of the kind. It was further intimated that if one of us escaped, the others would be shot. This may have been bluff, or it may not. In any case, they were taking no chances. All the officers' escort was concentrated in our part of the compartment, the French being more or less unguarded. We did not progress very far by rail. When we were ~~dismembered~~^{derailed}, it appeared that the French in their retreat had blown up a big viaduct, and numerous bridges; and that the real rail head was some 26 Kilometres away. The result of this was a very unpleasant walk. I had had the greatest difficulty to get my boot on in the morning. We were now on a direct line of communication and were continually passing wagons, guns etc, going either to the front or the rear. One ammunition wagon we passed was on fire. A ~~pleasing sight!~~^{A pleasing sight!} The greater part of the march lay through forest. We passed through ~~Hirson~~^{ARNOT} ~~plan~~ which had been fortified, abattis etc. Long after dark and dead tired, we reached our destination, but not the end of our walk. We were first marched to the railway station. Here we were met by the commandant, & a lieutenant. The latter was not a bad sort. The former might have come out of comic opera. ^{The Hauptmann} He drew his sword ~~and~~^{his Captain} shouted, & pranced about. The lieutenant told us he did not like the English. The day before a party of English ^{prisoners} whom I subsequently discovered were my own Regt. had been attacked & the garrison had to be threatened with

had to retrace our steps

ARNONI

the revolver. We were now marched right back through the town, a mile or so, and placed in a factory. We were ^{put} placed in a large room full of machinery with a large crowd of French and native troops. We English men and officers secured a corner and a certain amount of straw. There was just room to lie down. Presently in came the German Lt. who produced two bottles of wine. We drank one between us. Later we were told we could go down and feed with the French officers, who had been given a room to themselves outside. Then we were given soup and bread and then marched back to the big room. Of course on our return we found that nearly all our straw had been stolen. But we also found another bottle of wine. The place was evidently a wine factory. Sanitation there was none & the smell was awful. However the night passed somehow. The following morning we were marched to the station being given coffee and black bread ^{en} route. The former was issued out of a kind of barrel, a common cup doing service for all. Of course as usual we came last, order of march being French officers, French soldiers, British soldiers, British officers. This was the last fair issue of food I received from the German Govt. We now started our railway journey into the Fatherland. Our escort were really not very bad. We should however have had nothing to eat during our two days in the train had it not been for the French. We had it in our minds to try to escape when near Holland, but no chance offered itself. We spent the day and the night going through Belgium. We must have passed an army corps going up to the front. ~~We were~~ Being constantly by being halted to let the troop trains pass. Each stop was a little hell. They hit at us with sticks clambered up to look in and reviled us.



Officer of
Change
Causetha
Gentleman

+ The German Red Cross is presumably a war organization,
for the distribution of cigarettes etc was seemingly primarily
intended for troops going to the front.

Each troop train was decorated with branches of trees. The engines and carriages were labelled in chalk "Nach London" or "Nach Paris".

We travelled in a 3rd class carriage, & in doing so were lucky, as many prisoners had only cattle trucks. All the night we spent running about Belgian stations, & calculating on our rate of progress we thought next night would see us near Holland. We proposed to attack the guard and bolt - Next day however our rate of progress was much quicker, and we soon crossed the German frontier & reached Cologne. The only bit of food I received, was a piece of raw bacon presented to me by the except. At Cologne the Red Cross people were busy with soups etc. But when the guard asked for some, for us, it was "not for the English". & the response "but they are wounded" did not soften the hearts of these amazons. The French officers (and they were un wounded), were at once fed. In the end we ^{did} get some soup, which was first spat in, also wounds were dressed, by whose good graces I do not know. During the night, when on our journey again, the guard brought us a glass of beer ahead at some way side station. Either they were ashamed of our treatment at Cologne or it was a mistake. But in any case we got the beer. Mid-day found us at Paderborn when we were separated from the men. Here we were allowed to go to the restaurant & buy ourselves lunch. We also travelled from ^{the} Paderborn to Halle in a IInd class carriage. I think the Railway Staff Officer here must have been somewhat more of a white man. Of the journey to Halle I have little memory. Previously one could not even stretch one's legs. Sleep had been out of the question. Now tired nature asserted herself.

On the 27th Sept we arrived at Halle. A short month before

x but only in a perfunctory manner,

we had been quartered at Cambridge now we were to be imprisoned in a German University town!

Halle.

I have now to describe one of the worst camps it was my fortune to be in, and at perhaps its worst period. The camp was in some factory building. You came in through a gate. In front of you, was a wire fence, inside of which, prisoners were walking up and down. Our walk from the station had been more or less uneventful except for a crowd of small boys and children with their usual remark "Sowieshme". The march had been quite a short one, but we had been kept an hour or two at the station before undertaking it. We were first ushered into a kind of guard room, outside the fence - where we were searched & asked questions and finally given two blankets and a towel. The officer told us we ought to have been sent to Torgau not here, as if this had been our fault. We were then bundled inside the wire fence and left to our devices. There were a few English there who at once told us the limitations of the camp. I staked out a claim for a sleeping place with an officer of the Guards on one side and a Russian on the other. But of this room more anon.

The first thing to do was to get a wash. For all the thousand odd officers in the place, there was one small wash house, with about 20 basins and a few taps of cold water. The floor from constant use stood an inch deep in water. I had now at last an opportunity of washing my foot which had been on the ground all these days. It was much swollen. ~~that it was,~~ ^{however} more or less of a fight to get into the wash place at all, I should say there were in camp over 1,000 Russians, 5 or 600 French, and a mixed bag of English.

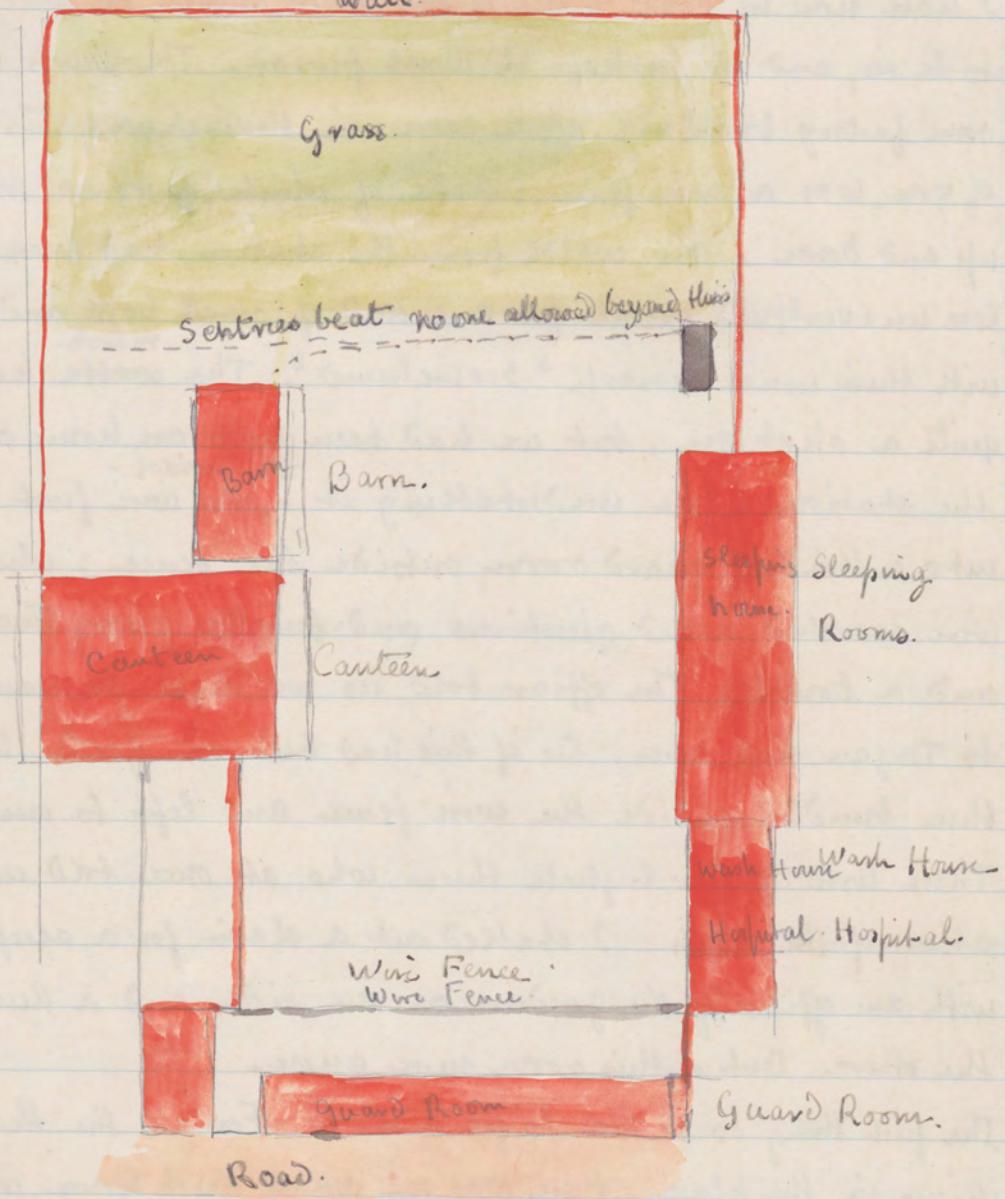
Row of Good sized Houses or Flats.
Good Clean Houses

Main Road.

Wall.

Grass.

Sentries beat no one allowed beyond this



HALLE.

Very rough sketch from memory -

The court yard was overlooked by a row of good ~~long~~^{sized} houses, where Sunday afternoon amusement was, parties to look at the prisoners. The sketch opposite explains the positions of the various buildings. The part on which one was allowed to exercise was either very rough earth or pavement, the whole being permeated with ~~a~~^e thick coal dust. At any rate if it blew, which it generally did, everything was covered with black.

The sanitary arrangements were vile, no less word expresses that situation.

The sleeping house where I was placed consisted of a series of large long rooms one above the other. Some tables, & forms occupied the centre of the room. We slept on both sides ^{of them}. We were provided with a straw matress and the two blankets we had drawn. Each matress was practically touching its next door neighbours. No smoking allowed here!

The Hospital consisted of a small room with practically no stores and was run by an English officer of the R.A.M.C. corps.

The Barn was a large draughty building, which was used as a sleeping room.

I now come to the canteen. The floor was made of log piles which were never cleaned, the intervening spaces being full of skins of bacon, mutton and other refuse. The furniture consisted of little tables and garden chairs. Thus was a canteen from which one could purchase various articles. One had to buy all ones meals here. At dinner 1 p.m. a hot meal of kids, could be procured for 50 pp. In the morning coffee was on sale & in the evening cocoa or soup. Bread can could be obtained. One had to cater for oneself according to the length of ones purse or ones proficiency at sleight of hand.

Half an hour before meals a big queue formed & the obtaining

X The sanitation here was quite out of hand. In TORGAU it was necessary to put up notices "Défense de monter sur le siège". Here the Russians in spite of the barbed wire contrivances of the Hun monté as a matter of course.

This unsavory subject takes me to the Citadel MAGDEBURG where a Frenchman was run in by the Germans for this offence. He urged that if he did not do this he would pick up microbes. This for the moment non plussed the Hun officer - but he then observed there were no microbes in the fatherland. If the danger existed it was brought by the prisoners. Therefore he the Frenchman must do 3 days in prison.

A short description of the Russian uniform^{etc} may not be out of place here :-

- The Russians wear a kind of kharki of a pinky shade. They wear their badges of rank on their shoulder straps. These are somewhat complicated, roughly the more stars, the more junior. They generally wear their great coats without putting their arms in the sleeves. Their field service cap is much like ours being however much higher from peak to crown & has a common badge. They also wear sheepskin caps in the winter. They wear a long shirt tunic with a little belt round their waist. Their boots are made of excellent leather & are of the riding variety, even in the infantry. Their mounted branches love to wear their spurs. They are eternally shaking hands, & on certain occasions kiss one another.
- If one is at all friendly with them, it ^{is} thus as well not to be found on their feasts days. Of these they have many. The Czar would appear to have two birthdays. They keep their Christmas day and ours which never coincide. For some reason their Easter is the same as ours, or changed to be in 1916. before that date feasts were strongly Verboden.

books there were none. But French & German books were to be purchased if one had the necessary. No almanac was on sale.

With regard to the Fresh Air question, when I came to know the Russians better, a couple of years later, I discovered their point of view. Their uniform is not made of very thick material, and winter & summer they wear the same underclothing. Big a cotton shirt like, about what I would wear in the summer. How they stand their own climate I do not pretend to guess. It struck me however that as soldiers they would be little good in a winter campaign. Their ideas of soldiering also are primitive.

There was a Russian General here under arrest. It was I was informed a case of mistaken identity, or rather that the Germans were trying to prove the General, in question, was quite another man from the one, he gave himself out to be.

An English Doctor was also popularly supposed to be here under arrest, but I never saw him.

I heard plenty of stories of bad treatment, but I only propose to set down here my own experiences.

My stay at Halle was short for which I was duly grateful. The English officers and the doctor were one day warned to get ready to set out for Torgau. One's kit at this time was nil, so it was not a difficult proceeding. It was only a case of bandaging in one's blanket & towel.

We were marched on to the railway line and after a long wait in the rain, an engine attached to a 4th Class carriage picked us up. We were then hitched on to a train in the station. We left about 2 p.m & arrived at Torgau

A Col: Gordon of the Gordons was at first senior British officer

On one occasion some English officers were singing. When asked they said they were singing hymns. The Germans said that this was allowed but singing for joy was strongly verboten.

XIV

The French used to get up excellent concerts, really high class music.

PT



Mossy Face. face P. 18.

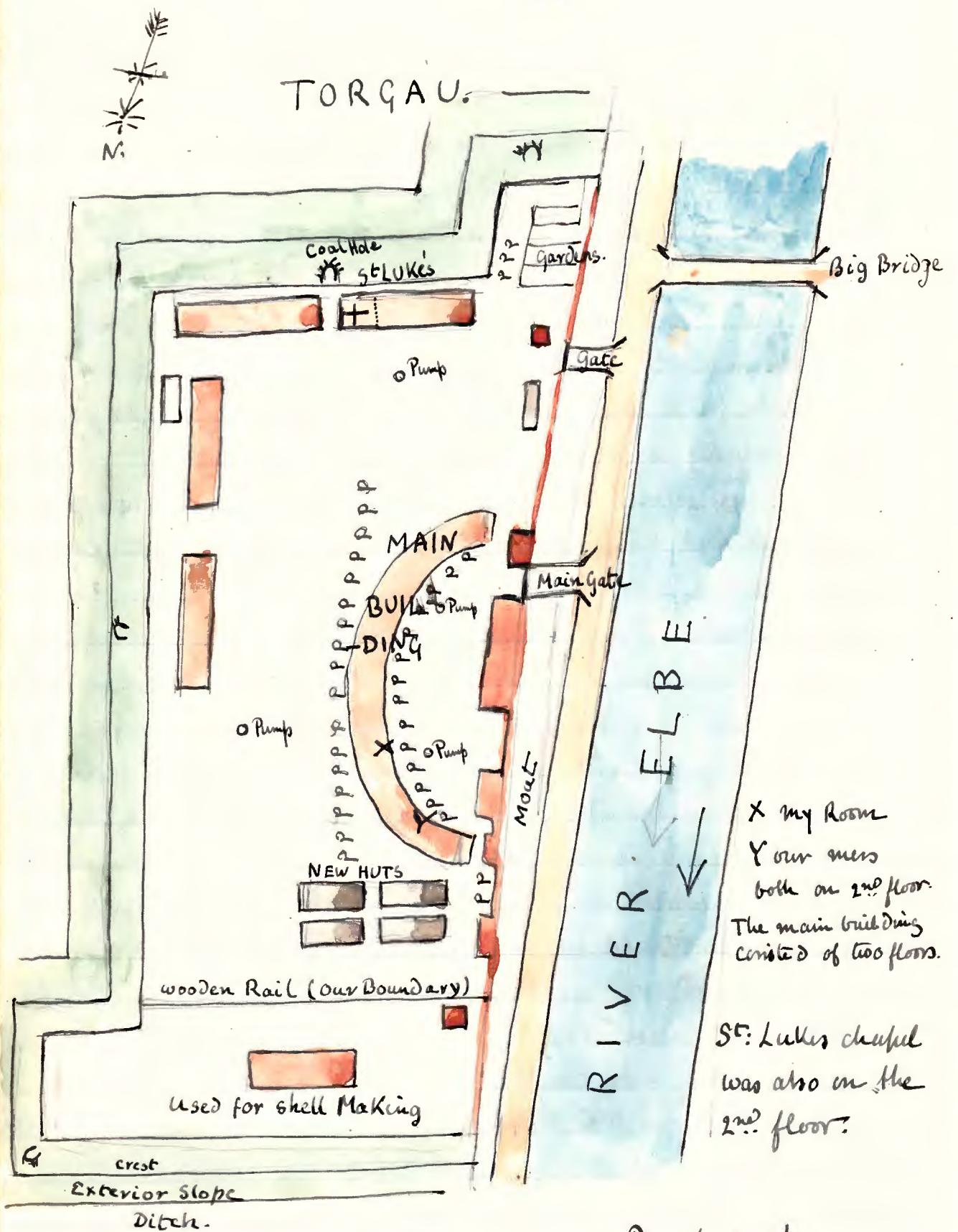
Breasted Wolf - 9 ft. 11 in.



These drawings were done by a French officer with whom I was having French lessons. He was captured at Maubrige.

X

There was also a French Officer who did weird gymnastic exercises in a state, practically of nature. These were far too strenuous for his class, which was quickly reduced to one. He and his pupil could almost always be seen running, or in strange & wondrous attitudes.



X my Room
 Y our mess
 both on 2nd floor.
 The main building
 consisted of two floors.

St. Lukes chapel
 was also on the
 2nd floor?

Rough maps
 entirely
 from
 memory.

The New Huts were wood & only
 one story.

One day it was announced in the local papers - that "it was the duty of civilians to send their dogs to help the poor sentries guard the ferocious prisoners".

That night there was an exposition of the art of barking from quite a lot of our rooms.

We were told (by our own seniors) that it was much appreciated but would not bear ~~repetition~~^{etition}. repetition

A paper was published of which 2 or 3 numbers made their appearance. The drawings were clever and the writing for the most part scurrilous.

Some ingenious bird, mice, and mole traps were constructed by officers with a bent that way.

What one felt the most was the absence of privacy. Nowhere could one escape one's fellow beings.

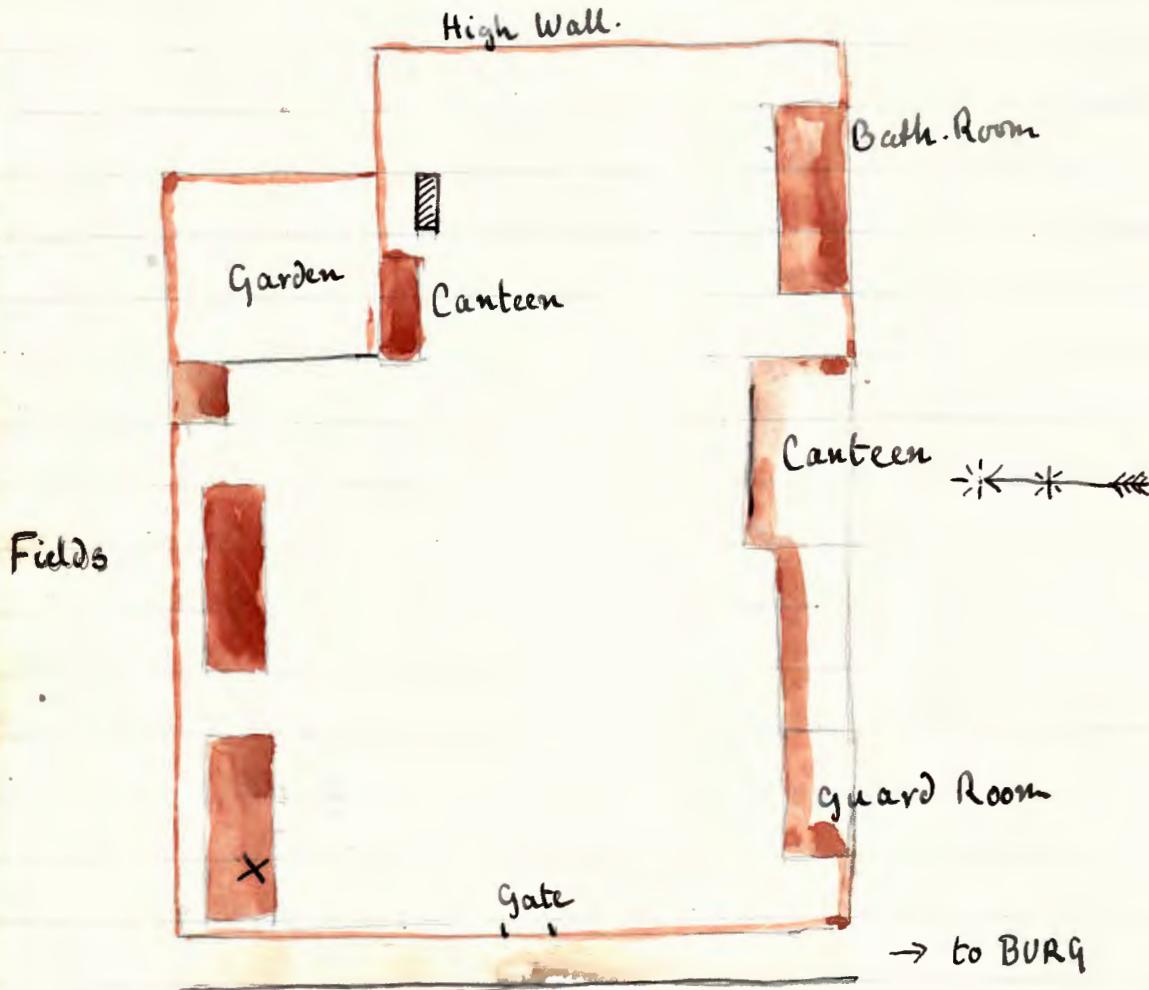
One of the features of the place was a German we nick named "Mossy face" whose job it was to look after the oil for our lamps & attend to the clock. He had a purple nose suggesting of libidinous habits. He had a little cottage in the S.E corner of the fort.

- The Irish were all put into one room. The Rebels Room.
- ✗ One of his habits was at certain hours to pace up and down the room like a caged lion at a rapid pace. He was fond of chess & for a Russian was no brilliant player. He was a man of means in his own country. Most Russian officers are very poor.

BURG.

Considerably smaller camp than Halle.

Fields



Fields & Canal.

X = my Room on 2nd Floor.

I now began to take up shorthand luckily finding an instructor amongst the officers - but I had not his instruction long.

of one's food was almost a free fight, with the result that a certain amount was never paid for. Above the canteen, ran balconies which were utilised for further sleeping accommodation. The German supervision seemed somewhat lax. We never had appeal or roll call. The German officer used however to come round at night when we were in bed. The German sentries were very unpleasant and obnoxious going out of their way to be rude. At the canteen one could purchase beside what I have mentioned, jam, eggs (of the curate's variety), tobacco, cigars, sweets, chocolate and articles of necessity such as hair brushes, clothes brushes, soap and safety razors. (the other kind were not allowed)

Personally I was captured with very little money on me & every penny to be spent had to be carefully thought out. I could not shave for I could not afford a razor. I bought however a clothes brush, ~~but~~^{and} it was several days before I got the mud off my uniform!

X My compatriots were of a very mixed character. There were several merchant officers who had been caught in German Ports on the Declaration of War. Most had ^{been} ~~not~~ been allowed to wear ~~before~~^{tried, but had} war was declared. There were two Cambridge undergraduates, a Volunteer officer, who was in the country. A naval officer who was attached to the Turkish Navy and was going home on leave. A retired army officer. And about 17 army officers, including a Doctor. One British private soldier. A fair number of French P^{rs}. Many French officers. A large number of Russians with several priests.

I only spent 8 or 9 days before going to another camp. All camps as will be seen varied enormously in every way. A German Padre came in on Sundays & held a service

for the English. Then I was senior British officer. It was not long before a row took place. The Russian in the bed next mine was rather an aggressive fellow; ^{this Russian} he used to snore when he slept. Most of the night however he threw sweets and spat on the floor. As my bed was at the outside 3⁴ from his I did not appreciate this. My scottish neighbour kept a stick, for which he appeared to have two main uses. one to prod the Russian when he made the night melac-
cious and the other to keep the window near his bed open. It was over the air question that trouble arose. We were herded in a long room & we demanded a certain amount of ventilation. We wanted one window, in perhaps twenty open. The Russians opposed this, & were backed up by their Doctor who said they would all get chills. We opened it, they shut it. As we were by the window we carried the situation ~~pro~~. tem. They then appealed to the Germans. The Germans had me up & stated that we had to agree. If there was any more trouble about it, we English would all be transferred to the barn. This was a draughty building with a stone floor where at present the sailors were located. Temporarily the Russians scored a victory, practically the window was again opened when the Germans had left!

We had little to do to fill in the day. The retired army officer had some cards & we used to occasionally play bridge. We walked for a certain amount of time. This walking round a cage 200 by 70 yards requires some moral force for it is a most monotonous proceeding. Most of us however did it for a certain number of hours but it was a penance, not a pleasure.

We were allowed to write a Post Card or letter home, but it was very problematical if they were ever sent.

in the dark. I don't remember much about the journey. We tried to play bridge on an improvised table but the train swayed so much that this was out of the question.

TORGAU.

We had a considerable stay at the station. We were then marched with a strong escort to the Lager which was in an old fort on the other side of the ELBE. The march was a long one and as all our lame officers had to walk it was also a slow one. It was a rainy nasty night so not many of the inhabitants were on view. Those who were, revisited us, in the manner which by now, had become quite familiar.

On arrival we were met by an English Staff Officer & then various particulars were taken down by the official interpreter. He, in civil life, was a professor (of languages I think), at Belfast University. In his short military life he was a corporal in the R.E. The Germans then took us in hand, they handed out to us with a basin, a towel, 2 blankets a pillow, ~~and~~ the article which they put the blankets in, and a matress. We were then marched over to our sleeping quarters. Here we laid our claims for a bed space. We were then taken back to the main building, where a supper was issued to us in the canteen.

This place is run on quite other principles. Firstly the inside of the redoubt covers a large space it takes a good ten minutes to walk round it. Then an a nice quantity of trees inside. One must not climb to the top of the rampart under the penalty of being shot. again I was one day ordered off the gymnastic ladder which stands in the big yard. We have an apel each morning which is run by the British.

On this parade one has to turn out smart, boots cleaned, clothes brushed etc. It seemed to my humble mind that we were rather doing the Germans job for them. ^A My idea has been to make things as difficult as possible for them. The cooking catering etc is in the hands of the French who feed us for I think 1.50 per day. We are in messes which are in the passages of the main building. We had to provide ourselves with tables, forms, knife working knives forks etc. I cannot say I think much of the feeding. Breakfast 8 a.m coffee and bread & butter! supplemented by the individual mess to taste.

Meaning that jam and sausage can be purchased in the canteen. The staple food is vegetables, cabbages, and potatoes - the amount of meat issued for dinner at 1 pm is not much. We also have an issue of Caramel beer. This is a non alcoholic drink of kinds. For supper bread & cheese & perhaps soup.

We have one member of the mess each day told off as orderly. His job being to draw the various commodities from the canteen when they are cooked. We have also to peel our own potatoes - This is another fatigue. We have one British Pte to help - who cleans the dishes and assists in the fatigue.

Another fatigue is coal fatigue - we fetch our own coal by rooms. Again we have to make up our own beds - we have a British Pte to sweep out our living room.

There is a bath or rather a douche, hot & cold water. Hot water however can only be obtained in the afternoon. The Germans on the whole do not bother us much.

Besides the 2000 ~~were~~ ^{of} here - there are about 1000 French. They are ~~the~~ ^{now} moving and I include their General with whom, at a later period, I had words.

When I first arrived we were placed in an old dressing room which was afterwards moved into the English Church. Here we had no bed. Later I was moved into a new building but after a few hours was again ~~shifted~~^{driven} into the main building. There were the best quarters, I had a double decked bed. These changes were all run by ourselves.

I soon found the French somewhat ^{inclined} to get on with. For instance if you hung out your clothes to dry, (one did ones own washing) an infuriated French Colonel ^{would} say you were using his string or his patch of ground. When I was having a French lesson at our own mess table, which mind you we had made with the sweat of our brows - the French General would complain he wanted to hold a meeting at this spot.

Again even the officer I took lessons from had a disgusting habit of spitting on the ground.

After a little time by the end of November letters began to come regularly from home. After they moved us to another camp, they did not bother to forward our things, parcels or letters. The letters were ultimately sent home again. The parcels were no doubt devoured by an undenying Hun.

In front of the main buildings was a clock tower which gave us the official time. It was a curious clock in its way for though the hands might be correct - its striking was always wrong. No alteration seemed to correct its ^{the clock of} idiosyncrasies.

one building was railed off from our preserves. In this, something to do with shells was carried on, the work being done by female labour. There were marched in, in a gang. When work was brisk, there was a night shift.

Of canteens there were two - one in a little wooden hut out of doors. The people who ran this were civil, and would get most things at a price. It was a small place & always crowded.

The main canteen was run on the lines of, take it or leave it. The proprietors were an objectionable lot. Here one could get sardines, cocoa, chocolate, bacon, and at the beginning even Kuchen. Things however gradually deteriorated even during our short stay. The place was always dirty. Several tradesmen also came during certain mornings - such as boot maker, tailor, and librarian.

I was not long at TORGAU before a row broke out in the room where we slept. It was rather ~~humorous~~ in its way. Words apparently took place between a Scotch & Irish officer. This went before the Senior British officer. The two in question were called up after morning parade. ^{unfortunately here} And also joined the group, the Senior officer of the Irish officers Regt. ^A It was I as senior in the room who should have been there. The Irish were judged to be in the wrong & the senior officer was condemned to write out all the orders that had been published - quite a nice little job - his offence was having a beard - The young Irish officer & an English one were sent ^{for a time} to live with the junior French officers.

There were several French artists here. Later on, there was quite a creditable drawing of Napoleon at Austerlitz which occupied the top of one of the tables in the new dining room which had been constructed.

We always messed in the same place but on the completion of the new buildings the French moved to one of the huts to feed.

Here Knitting was taken up by several officers. Football & rounders were played in the big court. Tennis also by a few, mostly French. Of course there was nothing in the shape of a made court, merely the ground of the barracks square. Gymnastic classes were held. (And the everlasting French Bowls was played) First set in early in November but did not last long - another spell took place near the end of the month & skating was in full swing when we ~~left~~^{not prisoners}. departed. This for the local news. A few days before we left a Zeppelin crossed over. It was not numbered but had a name. It was flying quite low & we had a good view.

Rumours, mostly lying ones about the war, were in almost daily circulation. It was hard to find their origins. Torgau itself was a big redoubt, built by Napoleon to cover the crossing of the Elbe. I do not suppose it was much changed from his day. The roof of the ~~place~~ in the parapet where we drew coal had N & 1812 on it. We were not allowed to walk or go near the crest. In the ditch at the place we could see the Germans were employed putting up a barbed wire fence. But inside there was no wire to be seen we were confined in a large fort.

German soldiers were continually passing & making the day hideous with the Wacht am Rhein or other patriotic songs, mostly I take it for our benefit.

In the interior were even geese. These used to be fed by a French officer.

The water supply was from pumps put up at various spots

in the counts. If one of the criterions of good water is that it should be colourless, this was very bad, as it was of a yellow hue.

We had several visitors - There was Prince Munster - a true German who gave his views on the might of Germany. Then there was a visit from the American Ambassador. And finally from an American called Gaston. He was so he told me, bringing me out various parcels - I may add I have not seen them to this day. He dined in our own little mess. Said the dinner was excellent, though it was unusually vile, but shied at the caramel beer. I had a cigar out of him.

There was an English Chaplain here. He finally made quite a good chapel of the place I first slept in. Called it St Lukes - Pews, Alter, everything was made by the congregation, ^{for} He had a persuasive tongue. I used to go to just look at the cryptograms - then gave me a kind of wistful feeling. Perhaps a strange reason to go to church! One used to walk round with various officers - the principle topics of conversation being how ^{one} was captured & the duration of the war. Nearly everyone was an optimist in those days. I was the pessimist, but even I underestimated it - I think.

The German commandant was seldom on view. We had to have our lights out at night at a fixed hour, otherwise we or rather I, was not bothered much, the Coal probably had his worries. There was a little incident over the coal, showing in a way the German mind. Our coal ration was just sufficient for its purpose. Some really economical minded officers however, preferred to go cold & hoard it up for real

cold weather - Result Germans said too much coal is being issued & there would be none for 2 days or so till this was used up. One had to learn that one must not think of the morrow, the Kaiserlich Government would do that for you.

At first till I got in touch with home I found the want of money very trying. One had to pay the French for one's money on the nail - I think however £4 was all I had from England for 2 years. 100 marks a month was what the Germans gave me & in the early days this was ample. Of course at first one wanted changes of underclothing, boots, cleaning things and a blanket. The Government issue hardly kept me warm in the summer.

The censoring here of our letters was done by the Commandants' wife, who I don't think had a great knowledge of the English tongue. On the whole except for the feeding I have no great complaints against this camp. We naturally thought we were settled here for good. But towards the end of November 1914 we got first of all a rumour that we were going to be moved to Magdeburg, and finally definite notice that the following day, the first party would proceed to BURG. I went with the 2nd party.

The few captains in my regiment ran a tea club. We could obtain tea and Cocoa from one or other of the canteens when the cakes & biscuits gave out we used to toast bread (i.e. German War Bread) at the stove in our room.

We had also by now accumulated a little kit. We had to break up the messes, the gear of which was our own private property. I bought a rucksack to carry ^{my} ~~over~~ property. But a huge kettle was still surplus & had

finally to be carried by hand.

We were allowed limited transport to Torgau station. I think our train left about 1 p.m. We did not have a very hostile walk to the station - only a few youths made objectionable remarks. Once in the train - we were crowded into 3rd class carriages with our kit.

There ~~were~~^{were} only two really interesting events during the journey which lasted till about 9 o'clock at night. Near Torgau we passed a train of Russian prisoners, & several trains of refugees - when we arrived at Magdeburg it was weird. We were ordered to draw the blinds and not look out of the windows. There was a guard in each carriage.

Burg is quite a short run from Magdeburg. Here there was in the station a party of soldiers just going off to the front who were very noisy. There appeared to be no chance of any transport. So we carried all we could. The very heavy things had to be left on the station. It is only fair to say that they turned up a few days later. We were followed by a large crowd mostly civilians during our walk. I was told in the canteen afterwards that it had been given out that we were prisoners just taken at Dixmude. I was very near the front of the order of march. The back is the place to avoid but I am only giving my own experiences. Ladened with more than one could with any comfort carry it was an unpleasant walk. This crowd was more amused than hostile.

BURG.

I was only at this camp ten days but here again things were run in quite a different way. We were fed by the Germans at a fixed price I think 1.50^{mark} ~~I think~~ ^{usual} The menu was roll and coffee for breakfast. Dinner was a disjointed meal soup in a cup about 12.30 - followed at 1 p.m. by a small portion of meat & vegetables - Supper perhaps sausage, or cheese or ~~perhaps~~ ^{if we were unlucky} uncooked fish. But this could be supplement-ed considerably in the canteen. There was very good Kuchen also brodchen, fruit, and it was even possible to have a plate of meat & vegetables in the evening. There were two Canteens always crowded. Given plenty of cash one could do quite well in the feeding line. The people in the canteen were polite and obliging.

But to continue my story. When we arrived we were halted in the yard and told off to rooms. This was done arbitrarily without any consideration of rank. The only exception being in the case of Irishmen & some particular regiment who were to obtain better treatment. I was most lucky as I got told off to a small room with 4 other English. I may state here there were English Colonels in large rooms - when we reached our room we found there 5 Russians one a grey haired captain. He most certainly had his bad points but he also had some good ones. The Russians had prepared a meal for us -

The first ~~Russians~~ occupied one side of the room & we for the other. The Room was large & clean & smell of pine wood. The Russian orderly who looked after it was hard working & efficient. I had more cubit room here than in any camp I had the misfortune to be in.

The beds were comfortable & had white sheets, we had had a blue & white check variety at TORGAU.

The drawbacks however were soon apparent. The Russians never wanted the windows open. We had agreed on no account to quarrel with them so we compromised & had them open at fixed hours for ventilation. The walking space outside was most limited being the length of 3 buildings by 20 yards wide. The place was surrounded with walls with numerous sentry posts. Of course I spent the first days in looking for the weak points where an escape could be made. From the top floors of the living houses one could see the country round - even to one day seeing a man running partridges. This was pleasant after being completely shut in at TORGAU. There were numerous rules & regulations. ^{somewhat} of which was comical. We were only allowed a limited amount of money. There was a bath place with baths in it - there were told off - & one could get one bath a week.

The German idea was presumably to mix the Russian & English with a view to quarrels - This we determined should not occur - as in the first week or so nothing happened they issued a new order whereby the beds were allotted English Russian, English Russian etc, so that we should be thoroughly mixed up - we argued thus - At night the only person who came near us was the Wache who turned out the lights - by day if there was a roll call we mixed up - Thus my bed was officially between two Russians but I did not sleep there.

We ate our meals & had roll calls in our rooms. The weather at first was cold with snow but it soon got mild.

There was a commandant so fat that he never unless obliged came upstairs, and a lieutenant - a mannerless creature. There was a collection of dog kennels near the guard room but no dogs -

There was an amusing incident on the occasion of the visit of the General officer commanding the district. I had a most excellent view from the window of my room. General appears sentry very frightened calls "aus." nothing happens - General furious goes out - comes back - again a small voice aus - again the result is nil - General barks in the approved German fashion which could be heard a mile away - the guard now does condescend to aus - and is barked at. I don't think anything pleased the old man after that.

I imagine one of the Russians in our room was a professional story teller. At any rate when we were in bed & the lights out he used to commence & for an hour and a half continue in one tone talking, as no one else said a word. I presume the idea was to send the rest asleep. On me it had the effect of wanting to throw boots. We pointed out that we wanted to sleep when we went to bed, may be this was only our visalar taste but it was our habit; on learning this the nuisance ceased.

At this camp we were not permitted razors except the safety variety or knives & were ordered forthwith to give them up. Thus I had to expend a portion of my hard earned pay in providing myself with a safety razor having already provided myself with an ordinary razor in Germany.

The razor that was confiscated was about a year later returned to me.

After being here about nine days a certain number of us were

warned to be ready to move next day. As a matter of fact they took about half of us and distributed them amongst the camps in Magdeburg & the rest to Halle.

We had an early breakfast & fell in in the court yard. Here the German Lieutenant surpassed himself. He shouted & counted but could not make the numbers right. Finally with our assistance he got over the difficulty. We were marched to the station. Arriving at this spot, we were halted outside for an hour. It rained & there was no cover. I like many others was great coat less. We could so easily have been taken inside the building, but this was but an example of German culture. The only amusement was the appearance of a German sportsman with his gun & dog. My pen cannot describe what to my eyes was a most ludicrous figure, starting with a Homburg hat decorated with a feather, a gun slung on his back, a dog whose remote ancestor on one side might possibly have been a pointer. Oh but in the Hartz mountains a year or so later I have seen the genius sportsman at work. They shoot little Dickie birds when they find them sitting in the trees ^{& often miss them then}. I even saw one have a shot at a hare. The hare did not seem much the worse for his adventure. No the Hun knows not what sport means.

But to continue when once in the train we reached Magdeburg in a very short time. I for the first & last time in Germany was in a carriage without a sentry. There were not sufficient to put in every carriage. There was however no chance of an escape. But it taught me that one never knew ones luck. & that in any future journey one ought to take a stock of food etc.

On arrival at Magdeburg we were formed up on the platform.

I was again near the head in the first 20, anyway. We were at once forced on & led away. We were taken to a tram car with all the blinds drawn. This whizzed away for quite a long journey. It crossed the Elbe or rather the main channel of the Elbe & then stopped. We were ushered into a fortress [&] the gates closed behind us.

MAGDEBURG CITADEL.

If the journey from the station had been a rush, we were now left to cool our heels for an hour or two.

We and an equal number of Russians who had come with us were put into a dirty barracks room with about 40 beds, the door was closed & a sentry took his stand outside. We at once appropriated beds - After a time we commenced to explore - The window at first sight was glazed so that one could not see out - A closer investigation showed one could see in places. The window outside was bared but it was on a level with the street. This uninviting spot had its possibilities. Our investigations were brought to a close by the sentry who gave out that it was strongly verboten to go near the windows. Then a Russian was called out of the room, & by the free masonry of prisoners we were soon wise as to the Hung game. Each prisoner was individually searched & then he and his kit were put into another room similar to the first. We soon also learnt that the main object of the search was money. As ever the English were taken last. Then this was no disadvantage for it gave one an hour or two to make ones preparations - find a good hiding place. I thought money meant gold, & having none went to my

X the formed had been here since their capture at the very
beginning of the war.

fate quite happy - but I was soon undeceived all my German paper money was taken away. The room contained an officer & a beast of a f'd label - of whom more anon. I was graciously permitted by the officer to retain two 8d bits & a shilling. He took from me however all my food which included 2 lbs of cocoa bought in Tuzan with the exception of sugar which for some reason I was allowed to keep. My electric torch was also removed - Also a map which I had been permitted to pay 2 marks for in Burg. A map of the Russian German theater of war -

The search lasted about 20 minutes I was then led to the other room which was similar to the previous one. I managed to convey the intelligence that German notes were wanted. One officer put a 50 mark note in a cigarette, it went through the search all right. Unfortunately a few day later he smoked it. One of my brother officers had some sovereigns in a sovereign case & by a little ^{slight} of hand they went through, a sovereign case is apparently unknown. When all the searching was over, it must have been 2 o'clock, we were all marched out of the room up some steps and on so to speak the first floor we found ourselves in the main prison. The present occupants were Belgians & French.^X We were led into a little court told to put our kit down - then taken into a room & given some dinner - afterwards we were fallen in by the N.C.O Petifer or something like it his name. One of the Russian officers was smoking a cigarette. He barked at him. The Russian took no notice. He then proceeded to knock the cigarette out of his mouth. We were now told off to rooms. I was sent to no 8 the dormitory. Here I

X The citadel I gathered had in peace time been a prison fort for officers at any rate Petifer had I presume been on the staff at the time.

had as companions 12 French, 1 Russian, 1 Belgian, & one of my brother officers. In this too I was lucky for most of the English were alone. It was now tea time 4 p.m. & the door of the casemate was locked & would be till next morning with the exception of half an hour when we like dogs were permitted to have a run.

Thus ended my first day at the citadel.

The Citadel itself was a large fort on the island formed by the ELBE at Magdeburg. The portion which we occupied however was not large, but besides ourselves the main portion was occupied by the local regt. in training recruits & war work. We occupied so to speak a small outer circle on the first floor. our casemate hut was in the parapet which towered above it. On the top paced a sentry. The front view was a long tall building in which war work was being carried on. At the end of the building when out walking one got a glimpse of the bawerk square on which squads of men were doing the parade step.

Turning across a corner of this guarded by a sentry & forbidden to us except on duty one came to the black house. In this was the office and field officers quarters. Here the field officers had a room with a Belgian ally. At 4 they were shut in to the house but could go to each others rooms & so could make up a bridge four. They had a little yard of their own in which to take exercise and only mixed with the common herd at canteen time. X

Walking the other way one came to the canteen & passing a path on which one could only walk

in single file one came to the building in which we had had dinner the first day. This was another living quarter & it also had a small yard attached to it. No sun-shine at this time of the year reached any portion of our exercise ground except a small portion of this small yard. If one wished to walk in company one was more or less compelled to pace up & down the length of the ammunition building. Alone one could do a kind of figure of 8, ^a longer walk.

The whole except the little yard was hard cobbles or paving stones.

Here we were fed by the Germans, and in a way better fed than in most places. Breakfast at 8 and to consist of so called coffee an excuse for a roll & butter, dinner at 1 p.m. Consisted of soup, meat a small portion ~~&~~, vegetables and an occasional dish small tea-saucer of apple or some fruit. At 4 p.m. there was tea and sweet tasting bread the latter was however knocked off by Xmas time. Supper at 6 p.m. much the same as other places. The serving was done by orderlies. Things were dirty & there was an enormous delay between courses.

Finally as there had been a complaint that the Belgian orderlies gave the Belgian officers the tip-bits, the division of rations was done under Hun supervision. There was not at all a bad canteen attached where one could obtain a cup of soup at 11^{dm}, cigars, tobacco, brodchen a kind of jam made of decayed prunes which I met for the first time & necessaries.

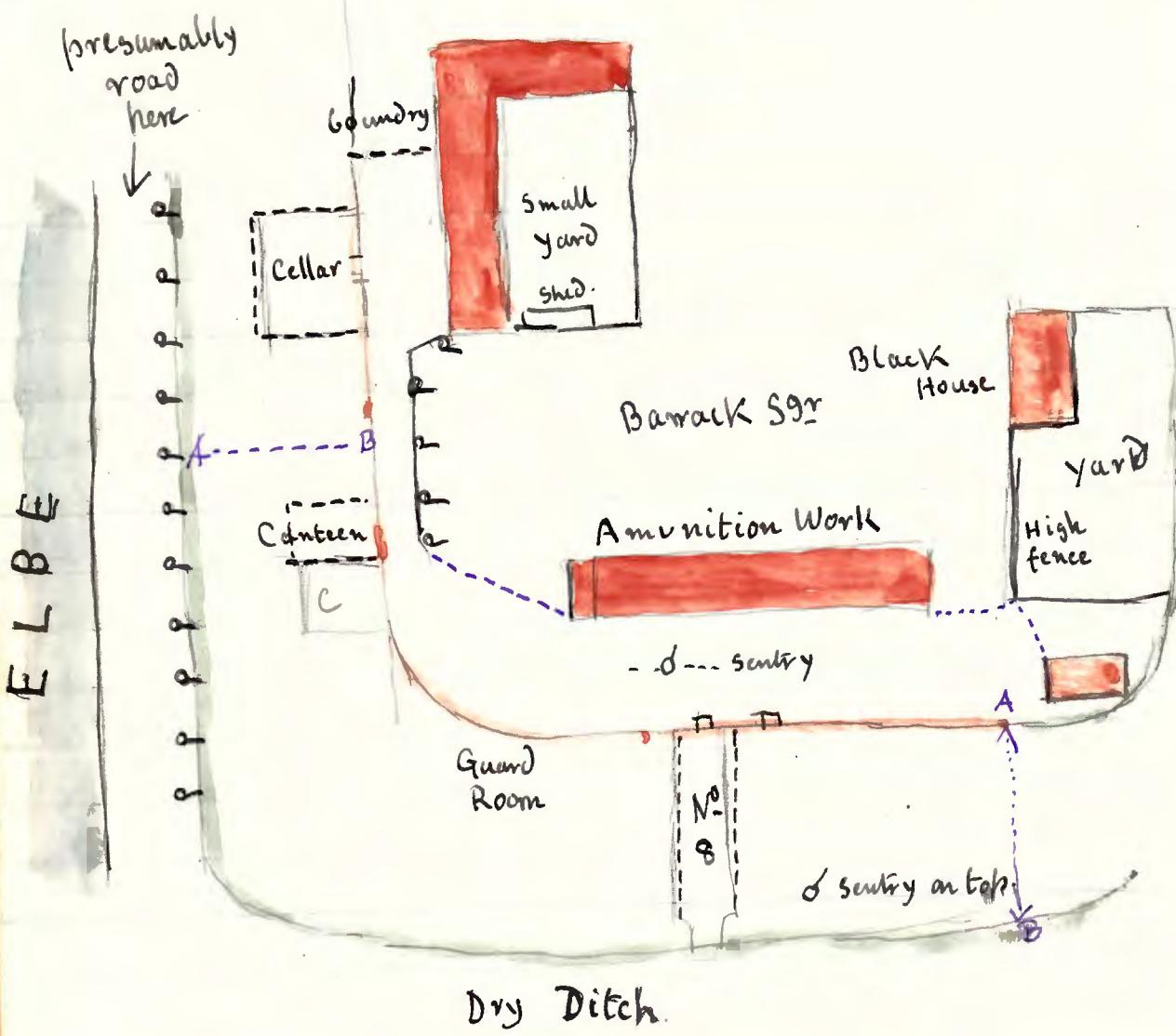
The Canteen was only open an hour in the morning & an hour in the afternoon.

The Citadel MAGDEBURG

A → B = Parapet

----- Verboten to go beyond this.

What was outside the parapet is mostly guess work.



Field

(lofts)

The Casemate consisted of a long room fairly bright. It was very old & dirty, ^{going} right through the parapet. A barred window looked out to the front this was glazed & verboten to be opened. The window & door at the rear looked on the ammunition building opposite perhaps 15 yards away & naturally gave little light.

The boards had in some places great holes. It was I found the habit of one of the French officers to wash his hands and chuck the dirty water down the hole. ^{in the floor.} As chef de chambre I objected to this on sanitary grounds. This was perhaps better than another officer who appeared to have taken a vow never to wash till the war was finished.

The night was the most objectionable. We opened the window during the half hour we were allowed out. Then everything was hermetically closed. The smell in the room next morning defies description. But in this breakfast was served. I must confess that I often could not eat it. At 10 the room was ventilated & cleaned out by the orderly.

We had appel when it pleased the Germans to blow a whistle. Sometimes twice a day sometimes every two days. We soon got to know that an appel as a rule meant something unpleasant.

Here we had our first introduction to some gold. That is to say tokens representing money. They were as a rule little tin circles which could have been easily forged. The Belgian in the room was a gentleman who had ridden at Olympia. spoke good English, & was a good sort.

We fed at the top of the room with him. He had a private lamp, ~~at~~ here, only oil lamps were in use. He also (a very important point) had the Hun's son's officer in his pay. At the beginning the days slipped along more or less uneventfully. Before Xmas we were told on appeal that his excellency the General had been asked if the prisoners might receive luxuries such as chocolate from home and he had decided that on no account could this privilege be granted. This was taken as an excuse for removing any food stuff which our parcels might contain. The excuse for this robbery was that it would be given to the German Red Cross. One was thus frequently asked to sign for a parcel which was opened in ~~your~~ presence and the contents solemnly taken away. For some reason the French were allowed their food stuff, owing it was said to an agreement with the French Government.

I found that the Belgians & French celebrated Xmas on Xmas Eve. Not that there was any celebration here. The night however was made hideous with church Bells in the town. Our Xmas dinner in Carnac & is worth recording. It did not arrive till about 4 p.m. Then we had a kind of sage sweet soup. After an interval came an undone chunk of pork - my portion was all fat. We waited a considerable time for potatoes there being our staple diet. It turned out however that none were forthcoming. The German in charge of the kitchen arrangements being drunk. Followed 3 preserved cherries on a saucer. We solemnly gave each other presents of a value of about 2d each.

I had fortunately received in a packet a small tin of tobacco. I got it just in time. By smoking but one pipe a day I made it last some time.

X Our complaints brought out the fact as stated by the Captain that this was an order from the Kriegsministerium at Berlin. I put this down as it must have been a lie, for smoking was never stopped at BURG & many other camps. It was solely an order of VON GUTZ.

It was next sprung upon us that owing to a shortage of tobacco in Germany the sale of tobacco ^{this commodity} in the canteen would cease. A wild rush to the Canteen proved that this order was in effect. In the afternoon however all the tobacco & cigars in the place were sold under the eyes of the German N.C.O. who for the time pretended to be blind.

A week later it was given out that from that moment no smoking was allowed - it was now stated that the Germans in France were not allowed to smoke. This nearly led to a mutiny - the French calling out "liar." X

I now come to how the Germans enforced this order. If one was brought up for smoking it meant a certain number of days in cells. The little N.C.O Pfeifer was always on the look out to catch people. The junior N.C.Os did not go out of their way to look for it. As to the sentries - one who had served with us in South Africa stopped me one day and said they had agreed amongst themselves that they would never see us smoking in our rooms. All the same it was no job. German N.C.Os were walking into the room at any odd minute. When I was moved to SCHORNHORST I found that the order was absolutely ignored in the rooms. But here the N.C.O & sentries could not look in. ^{when at schornhorst} We were ordered to give up all our tobacco - mine was merely hidden - one day the Captain came round in the evening. I was smoking a cigar. He must have seen me - but he said nothing. This was not at the Citadel which was much ~~more~~ strict. ^{ex}

~~Bethouen~~ We were now told that we must give up all watches rings and anything of silver. And they asked us to sign a certificate to the effect that all had been given up. Of course we did not know what the Germans were up to.

X It was in this Camp that I first made the acquaintance of a scurrilous paper called "the Continental Times". Printed it was said for Americans on the Continent. It was by far the most anti English paper printed in Germany. The Germans at all the Camps tried to persuade the English to take in copies. But no one was paying for it. Often however we obtained a free copy. In some ways it was as good as Punch. The German has no sense of humour.

X. The method was thus obvious.

Probably at the back of their minds was
the idea that there might be and as 31.
try to escape.

nor do I to this day. They got my watch. I did not however
give them either my flask or my ring. 6 months later when
a new general came my watch was returned to me. My
flask I gave to a Doctor as they had a few privileges &
were allowed to keep these articles - & he ultimately took it
home. My ring went through two searches.

The first time I buried it in a piece of soap, but as there were professional
searchers busy I was not quite happy. But a better way presented
itself. The search was long & we as usual last. So they had to
feed us - and the orderlies had been already searched. X The
next time it went through on my finger, and though I was
stripped naked they never thought of looking for it there.
Since those days I have been through many searches &
always with some contraband, and in every case they have
drawn blanks. Later I had a suit of mafte^A this was kept
just outside the Commandants office. A map I kept in a
tin of sherbet, and a pair of wire cutters that I stole was
on the roof. As far as notes are concerned it would interest
their professionals to know that we English do not construct
the handles of our tennis rackets like them. And in the
difference there ~~are~~ - well - many accounts of their little
pleasantries. But I am going on much to fast. X

One evening ^{just} before New Year our Belgian Friend learnt
from his German that there would be a great search
next day. At 6 a.m. we would be woken that we would
be moved to another camp & must be ready at 8 with
all our kit packed - but he added you will not be
moved. During the night officers were busy bidding
things - and some fool Frenchmen were won up before
6 a.m. when the warning came.

2. My idea is that the German Ops officer had been making a mess for the benefit of his superiors never proposing to find anything.

* The odder place perhaps for notes to escape detection was the pocket of a German N.C.O, who afterwards returned them to the owner.

X We ourselves had had a service here on Xmas day. In which the Doctor constituted himself parson.

○ There was a certain Belgian General here. He was taken in the ruins of one of their forts. We did not as a rule see him as he lived in a different part. His views on the duration of the war were, though time has shown fairly accurate, thought to be very pessimistic. On new years day he had a parade of us all and shaking hands with the seniors made a nice speech in French. wishing ~~us~~ Good Fortune etc for the new year.

The German in charge of the Pay or some gold we called it was the only one who had any idea of manners, he even took his hat off when he came into our room.

At 8 a.m. there was an appeal & we and our kits were marched to a kind of cellar. Besides my ring I had about a kilo of tobacco this was impossible to hide. Under the floor seemed the obvious solution but the Fochelmanns abductions had made this place a morass. Ultimately I left it in my cupboard never expecting to see it again.

From the cellar we were marched one by one into the Detectives hands. After numerous indignities & poorer by 2 30 bits I got back to my room at tea time. Our room was in a beautiful state, bedding all over the place. The Germans had been having a great time here. Right in the centre of the floor was a tin box still full of French Louis. My tobacco was untouched.

But the Germans had not I regret to say drawn altogether blank. Many officers were caught in the cellar with all their goods on them - they had believed the story of a move. Now the Roman Catholics used this cellar to hold mass, & what more natural than to bury their gold. It was in fact so natural that it struck the German brain & he dug next morning, to find a golden harvest.

But what they got was not a tythe of what escaped them. ☹

I now come to the incident of the window. This I think was the cause of my being moved. The window at the far end of the room was glazed in order that one could not see out of it. of course holes had been scratched but ones view was limited.

One day I opened it wide. It looked out on to a dry moat & had a big stone ^{still} still. Beyond was a field & various buildings. This field was bounded by a canal over which a footbridge could be seen. Straight in front was a sentry box & the sentry's beat. Hearing

X It puzzled me considerably the use the German makes of his Staff officers. At ~~the~~ Constance for instance a Baron on the staff did the searching.

O He was in the canteen during hours gazing at her if she appeared & it was not her job to be in our Canteen. The rest of the day he spent on duty go outside pretending to read a book.

the sentry approach I shut the window. Next day prospecting I found the sentry asleep in his box. This window was guarded by big iron bars, one of which was rather wide apart. From experiment I concluded that I could just get through. Further experience showed that the ground to be crossed was right under the electric light, but the sentry in front seemed to have a long beat & was absent for quite a little time on his rounds. It was difficult to conclude how much the man on the top could see. My investigations must have somehow roused suspicion for we had an order that the window was not to be opened & a German staff officer came in one night & walked straight up to the window & examined it. I further found out that from the cellar it was possible to get to the top of the parapet there being a door which the Germans had neglected to lock. The drop to liberty must have been at least 40 feet. The Canteen however used to do their washing on the tops & this seemed to solve the rope difficulty if the sentry could be obliterated. It seemed essential however to wait till the spring. At present it was frosty & cold. Further a compass was necessary. In those days I had not learnt how to make one using the electric current as a magnetizer. The scheme seemed to be to make love to one of the girls in the Canteen. There were two. One was quite pretty & a Belgian officer was very ⁱⁿ pris with her. The other was ⁱⁿ plane. However the scheme came to nothing. For one morning it was given out on appeal that that afternoon it was a Sunday. 2 & 3 other officers would be moved to Cavalier Shomesh. Bribery was very rife at this camp. It was the Belgians who had the monopoly being first comers. There was a

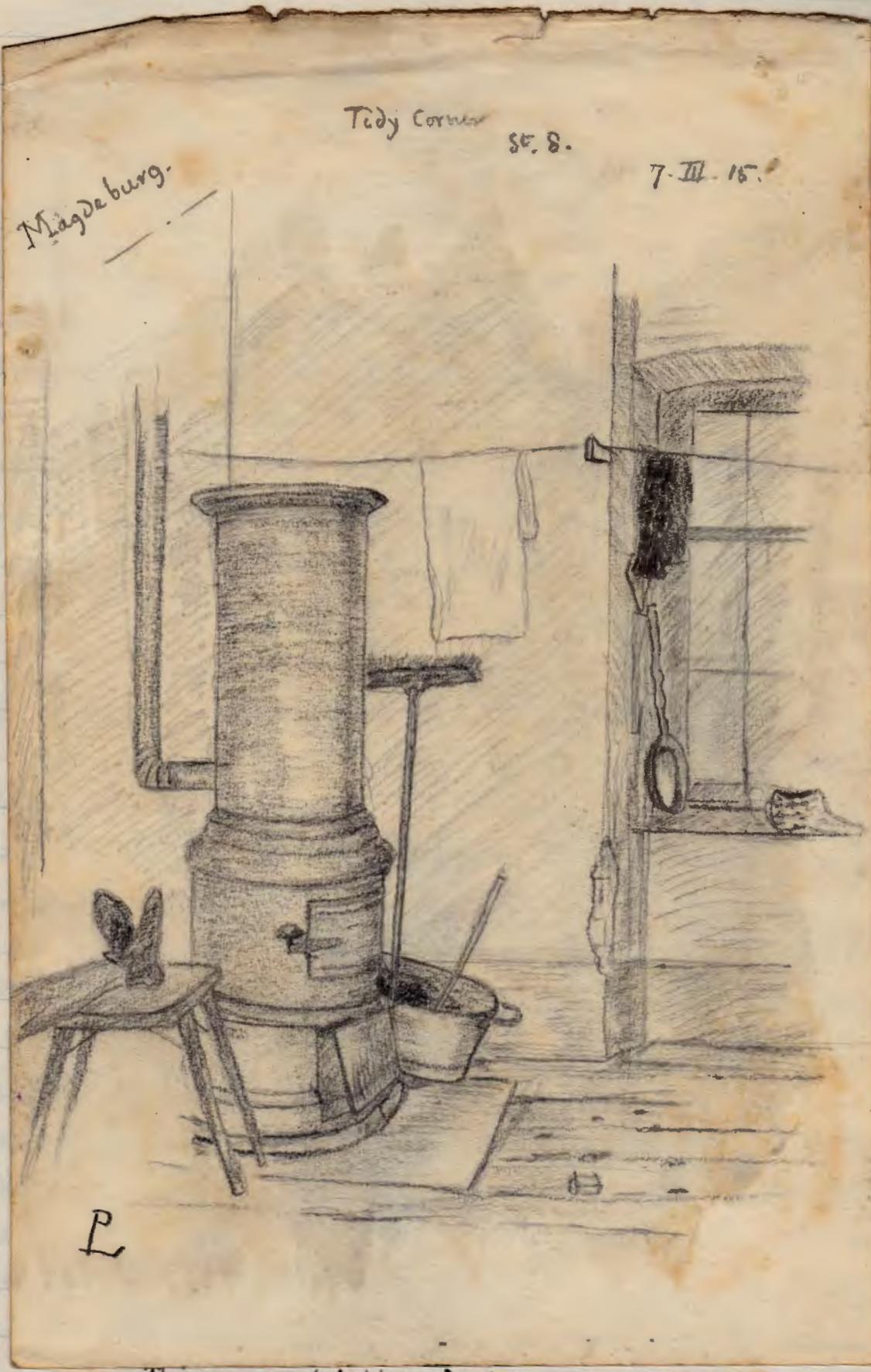
* During the period that smoking was stopped, the German N.C.O.s both here and at Cavalier Scharnhorst always took a delight when they came into our rooms or came into touch with us in any way, in smoking a big cigar. Here of course they defeated their own ends, for no man smoking can smell if smoking has taken place in a room.

Very rich Belgian officer who used to obtain all he required including spirits

We had another search before I left this time for Diarais but it was a poor thing. I mine went through easily under the top of the table. x

The change of Camps was rather a blow as I was leaving all my brother officers. And also judging from my previous experience I expected for certain to lose all my tobacco smoking now being forbidden. I and my kit were taken to the search room it is true, but no search took place we were put into taxis for which we paid & driven to our new camp. We found that 4 other English officers who had just come out of prison had been made to change places with us. Their crew had been playing Rugby football with German War Bread as the ball. The prisoners camps in Magdeburg were run by a certain Major Von Gurtz. He was seldom on view in the Citadel. In fact we seldom saw an officer till January when we had a new Captain. He spoke well but I mistrusted him. For the most part the place was run by Petifers who walked about with a dog at his heels. I think he was hated nearly as much by the Germans as by us. This also might be said of Von Gurtz. He was a regular officer & it was said his brother had been killed - by his own men. It was about the end of January when I left the Citadel. A similar spot in which one was never free from German supervision. We could see the German recruits drilling. It was not a very practical drill much time being given to play such as prisoners bar the rest was gymnastics, good steps etc. We saw a draft going to the Russian front. They had a new service cap - to make them mistakeable for the Russians I presume.

A Tidy Corner of
Room 8.



This was a useful place during a search.
Both the stove & the coal box.



CAVALIER SCHORNHORST.

As the entry in the taxi told me of the camps in Magdeburg this was the best. It had its drawbacks however when I first went there.

Cavalier Schornhorst was a semicircular fort with a railing and a guard room behind. It was watched by sentries from the top of the parapet. The interior of the semicircle was the whole of the exercise ground & it was very small further as our side faced North. It was not till March that the ground got any sun. This was its great disadvantage. At present the ground was covered with snow & great icicles hung from the roof. When the snow went, then was mud & water.

Here we lived by rule we had an appet at 8.30, another in the middle of the day, one in the afternoon at 4 and the Germans used to visit us when in bed - otherwise they left us alone. Our appets did not take long about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the time that they took at Wagnhausen, over the way. Wet or fine they took place outside in the court.

I now heard numerous tales about VON GURTZ who was often round. He it was who was really responsible for the non smoking & stoppage of parcels.

All the rest of the English from Burg were at either this place or Wagnhausen except the small party we left on their way to Halle. On appet here we always fell in by rooms. The regime here and Wagnhausen were the same. Later they were put under different officers, but they were run on the same lines.

The fort was two stories^{high}. I was again in no 8 on the ground floor. The vacancy had been caused by the murder

Room 8 - View from my bed.



a His crime was not murder, but creating a disturbance
A Russian more or less mattered nothing to the Kaiserlich point of view.

36.

of a Russian ~~officer~~ by a fellow Russian officer. He had been stabbed to death with a pocket knife. The German Guard had ultimately dashed in with fixed bayonets. The ~~Russian~~ ^{murderer} was taken away. Later he was tried by Court Martial & sentenced to a few months imprisonment part only of which he was compelled to do: I do not think I was allotted his bed. There were two other young English officers, a Belgian Captain and 7 or 8 French officers. We fed in the same room. Our messing was done by the Germans at I think 1.50 ^{marks per day}. It was much the same as the Citadel but a little inferior. For example amongst the meat one came across a pigs ear or a pigs tail & bones which could only be those of a dog. Our rations were shared out French fashion. That is to say each in turn had first go of the dish & it was etiquette to select the best piece of meat. Of course if one was about last one got the pigs ear. Then ~~were~~ ^{was} however plenty of vegetables.

The room was old, generally dirty & heated by a stove. One had a matress filled with straw. But a fresh supply was getting difficult to procure.

There was a Canteen & a douche in the place. The ^{latter} douche was down a long passage which was evidently under the front of the exterior slope. It had already been used as a means of escape & was now well barred & watched.

The ^{was} ~~was~~ passage was stone, cold & dark. The place was ^{somewhat} lighted with lamps.

At this period we were allowed one bath a week & the innatifs of Wagonhausen used to come over on this day to take theirs, as there was no bath in their establishment. Later we were allowed a cold bath every morning for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour after appeal.

d The German Feldwebel Lieutenant who ran both this camp & Wagonhaus, name was Schmidt I think. He had been in charge of the police & was not a bad sort for a German, though I don't think he liked the English. I don't think he was at all in favour of the non smoking order.

Van Gatz appeared to have a particular dislike to the English - It was prison if you did not salute him even if not wearing a cap.

Soon after my arrival here I drew a Service Great Coat & Cap which had been sent from home. And ~~tats~~ my share of the Queen Mary's parcel was a pair of trousers - on the large side. For all these things I was duly grateful.

At Torgau, Citadel & Schonhart we were given a cup-board or half a cupboard in which to place our belongings. These cupboards were of the sealed pattern issued to the Hun private. In Burg & Wagonhause I had a shelf - in the latter place one constructed by ^{my} predecessor.

One could get leave to visit Wagnhausen in the morning on the excuse of seeing the doctor but had to return at a fixed hour. The parcels & letters were also issued at Wagnhausen.

The two exercise grounds were visible to each other & one could communicate by semaphore if the Germans did not see one.

We had a slide made in our yard. Every evening the Germans put ashes on it. Next day we made another & so the game continued. The outside of the place was lit up by electric light at night. This is done in all camps that I have been in.

On Sunday if there was a service we were allowed out to the place which though ^{actually} in Wagnhausen, was entered from the neutral ground between the two yards. Once a month a German Parson used to hold forth & occasionally the English Chaplain ^{O Rooka} from Burg came over. Then we ~~should~~ heard the news from them & the various camps he had visited.

Life passed in a monotonous way ~~too~~. We soon had to give in our tobacco, but even so then there was little difficulty in purchasing it in the canteen. It was only a case of dodging the German N.C.O on duty.

There was also another search but we got wind of it. Tobacco was hidden under the floor, a diary under the coals etc. It was done in the rooms here. Early in the morning a German sentry came and posted himself out in the room & under no conditions would he allow anyone outside.

The search itself was nothing like so efficient as at the

Citadel.

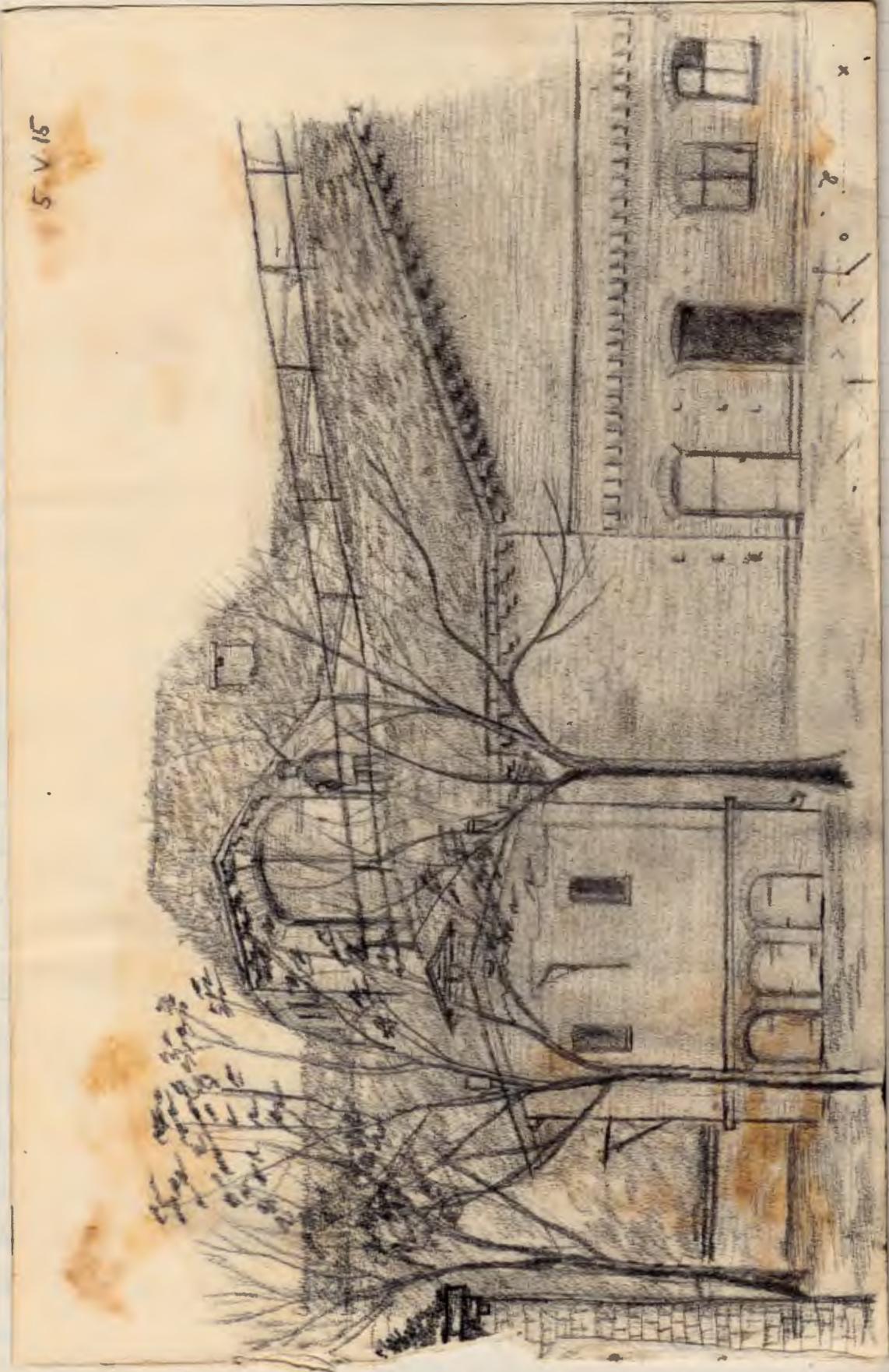
A pack of watch dogs were kept in a shed in what I call the neutral ground.

The winter ^{of 1944} ₁₉₄₅ held on a long time. The thaw being gradual, frost by night & sun by day. Easter passed with the usual amount of bell ringing. In April it was possible to sit out in the sun & read. In the beginning of May a great change took place. Apparently a new General took over command of the Magdeburg army corps. He came round accompanied by a large dog. The immediate result of this visit was that we were at once allowed to smoke and also to receive the contents of our parcels. It was the commencement of an entirely new regime. The neutral ground was to be opened for both establishments. We were to construct a tennis court on it. This work was almost immediately taken in hand & was carried out by fatigue parties of the English. In the mean time a wire fence was being put round the ~~out~~ neutral ground. We did not commence work till the outer ring was completed. Until the completion of the court this ground was closed. But the sentries had the order to pass all English out to work on the court. Von Gortz did not long survive the Generals visit. He was succeeded by the Admiral. I have no complaints to find with him. He did all in his power I think ^{to care our lot but} of course when officers escaped we were punished in the German way. In course of time my watch was returned.

The Citadel had now been abolished as being unsuitable for a camp, and my brother officers ^{are in} had been sent to various camps in Germany. One of my two English room mates was sent away & the other soon followed the

A corner of the Schomhart yard.

5 V 15

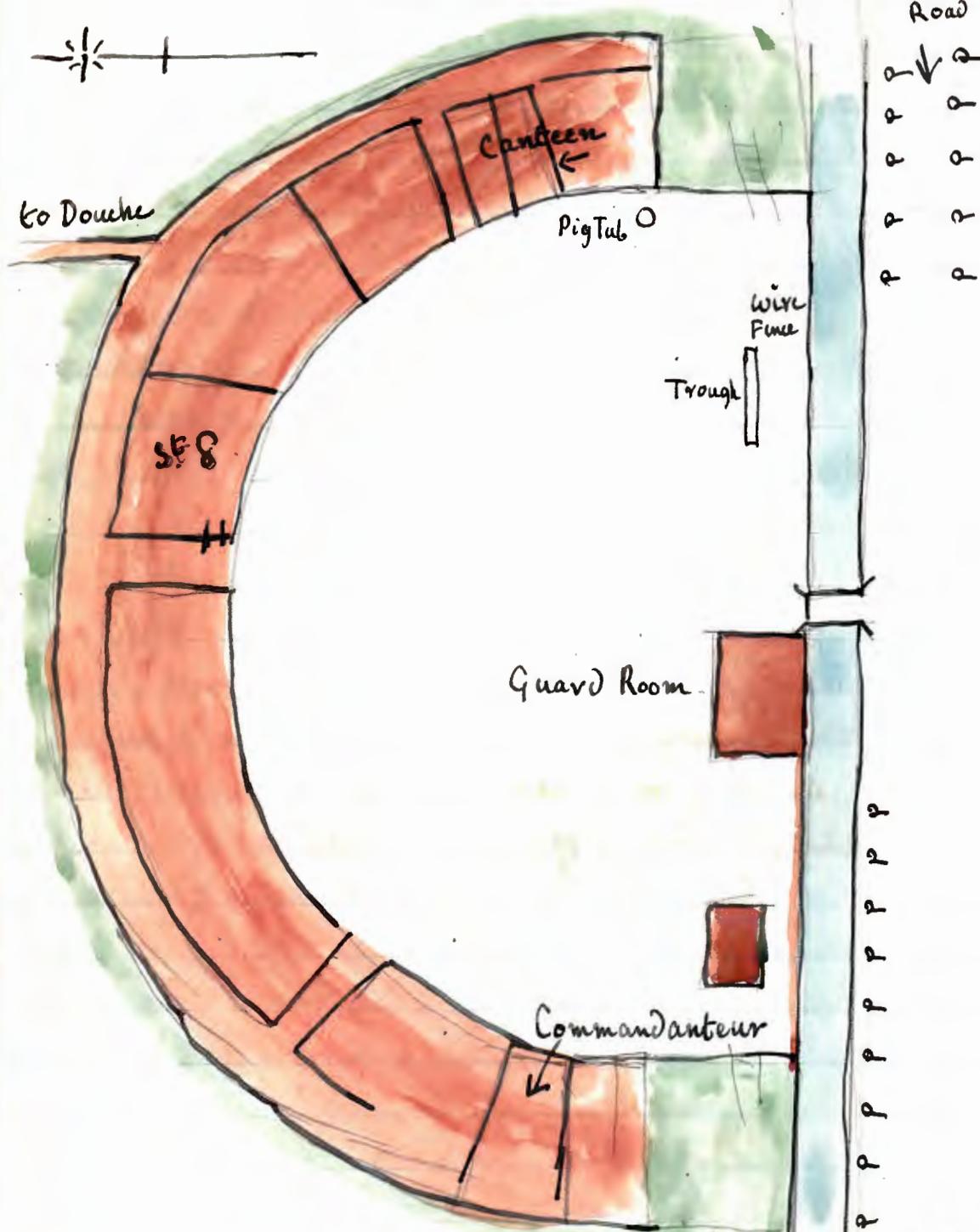


latter as a punishment because he was always found in bed in the morning. My room now became very unexciting as it was filled with young objectionable French officers who liked ~~always~~ the windows shut. I was backed up by the Belgian Captain. But I put in a petition to be moved to a much better smaller room upstairs. This in the end was sanctioned but I did not spend more than a week here. The order being given that the Flemish Belgians were to have special good treatment & were to be put together in STORNHORST & we were all to be moved to Wagon houses. ¹⁹¹⁵ It was a lovely hot summer. One lay & read & played tennis after the court was completed.

The opening of the new ground led to a fair number of escapes each was amusing in its way. In one case a Belgian picked the pocket of a man working on the tennis court took his identity card passport or whatever it is & walked out. The fun began in the evening when the workman wanted to go home. As he could not produce his card he was not permitted to go out. And the shades of night were falling ere he was permitted to leave.

Then two officers got under the incomplete wire. This led to a dog hunt, not that the dogs did anything in the way of tracking. Of course we were all punished - innumerable appeals & being confined in our own little yard. Then 3 Russians lay up in the Chapel & at night got out of the window. The Germans never found out how they had gone. For days they explored the place. Lay about on the roof. Went over every inch of the ground. No then was not a place a monkey could get out of. The truth was there was another Russian in the place but

CAVALIER SCHORNHORST



X About May we were permitted to have our photographs taken in order that we might send them home. They said - Really we knew if was that they might add it to our papers for their use if we escaped. Our description returns were ludicrous. Not one piece of correct information I did mine contains.

A He was able to do this by lying up in the chapel all night and
in the morning passing in with the English fatigue party. The difference
in the shade of Clarkie escaping the eye of the sleepy sentry.

40.

he was so fat that he could not get out. Of course he
closed the window & covered all tracks & himself got back
without being missed.^A The upshot was the wiring in of a
^{portion of} the moat & wiring up a corner which the Germans
erroneously supposed had been used.
We had our usual "straf".

They had one rather annoying habit in this building. That
was we were not allowed out after dinner till 2 p.m. one
did not notice this in the winter but in the summer it
was rather trying. The gate of the yard was locked
& if you ventured forth to get a blow of air you were
shoved back by the guard. There was no such rule at
Waggonhaus. or at any rate it was not enforced.

I used to play Bridge most evenings. & I must confess got
^{thoroughly} rather tired of it.

The moat in the rear of the fort was apparently fed by the
Elbe as the ^{height} of the water was a changeable quantity
During the winter it was of course frozen. In the spring
I found a tomtits nest in a hole in the stones on
the side of the bridge over this moat.

The fort must have been a very old one as quite big old
trees were growing on the top of the parapet. My
sketch of this fort I had destroyed at Constance.

The monotony was broken by 2 doctors who had been at the ^{English} Sitzadel
coming as they thought en route for England. Unfortunately for
them I fancy they went instead to a mens camp, but they
soon did get home - I know for one had my flask.

Then again a famous French aviator was brought in one day
but he was strictly guarded & no one got a word with
him X

There was an extraordinary fat Commander of the Guard at Schomhorst. It was always an amusement when his guard came on duty. The walk I do not know how far the guard marched was about enough for him. He arrived not ^{and bothered} & tired. One day sitting outside the Guard Room he dropped his half smoked cigar. It was a physical impossibility for him to pick it up. This he realized. So he called one of the Guard to pick it up for him, and continued his smoke. This sounds an old chestnut but it ^{was true.} At the bottom however he was not a bad sort, and would send the guard to pick up balls which had got beyond our boundaries - which was more than other Commanders of the guard would do.



P.H.L.

WAGONHAUS.

This was really the same camp as the last & after May it was virtually one place. I was bundled across here with but a few hours notice. In many ways the change was for the worse. I was put into a large room with about 50 others. We were about 5 English. Wagonhaus itself was a ^{through a door mostly French.} ~~really~~ mobilization stores. On the ground floor was a kind of shed where one could walk on rainy days. A small portion had been cut off to make the canteen. This was when the horses had been kept. It had been used for a quite a little time for its legitimate purpose as one could see by the feeding boxes. On the floor further on was the little room where parcels were originally given out. This was afterwards changed to a room on the 3rd floor. The main part of the building was wood. You went up a flight of stairs to the 2nd storey. Then was a long passage running along the side of the building which faced the Elbe. This was a sentry beat & to the door of each room was a peep hole. Then were all the big rooms & in one of them I took up my quarters. A similar staircase on the other side of the building led down to the Canteen.

From both ends you could go up to the 3rd & top story. The difference here was that the passage ran along the centre so the rooms were a different shape & somewhat smaller. The two ends of the building in which the staircase was placed were of stone, & here were the smallest rooms. They accommodated 6 officers & here was to be found our colonels. Also the office & the packet room.

* View of the Elbe from the Parson's Window in Wagnhause. (The barbed wire fence is not shown).



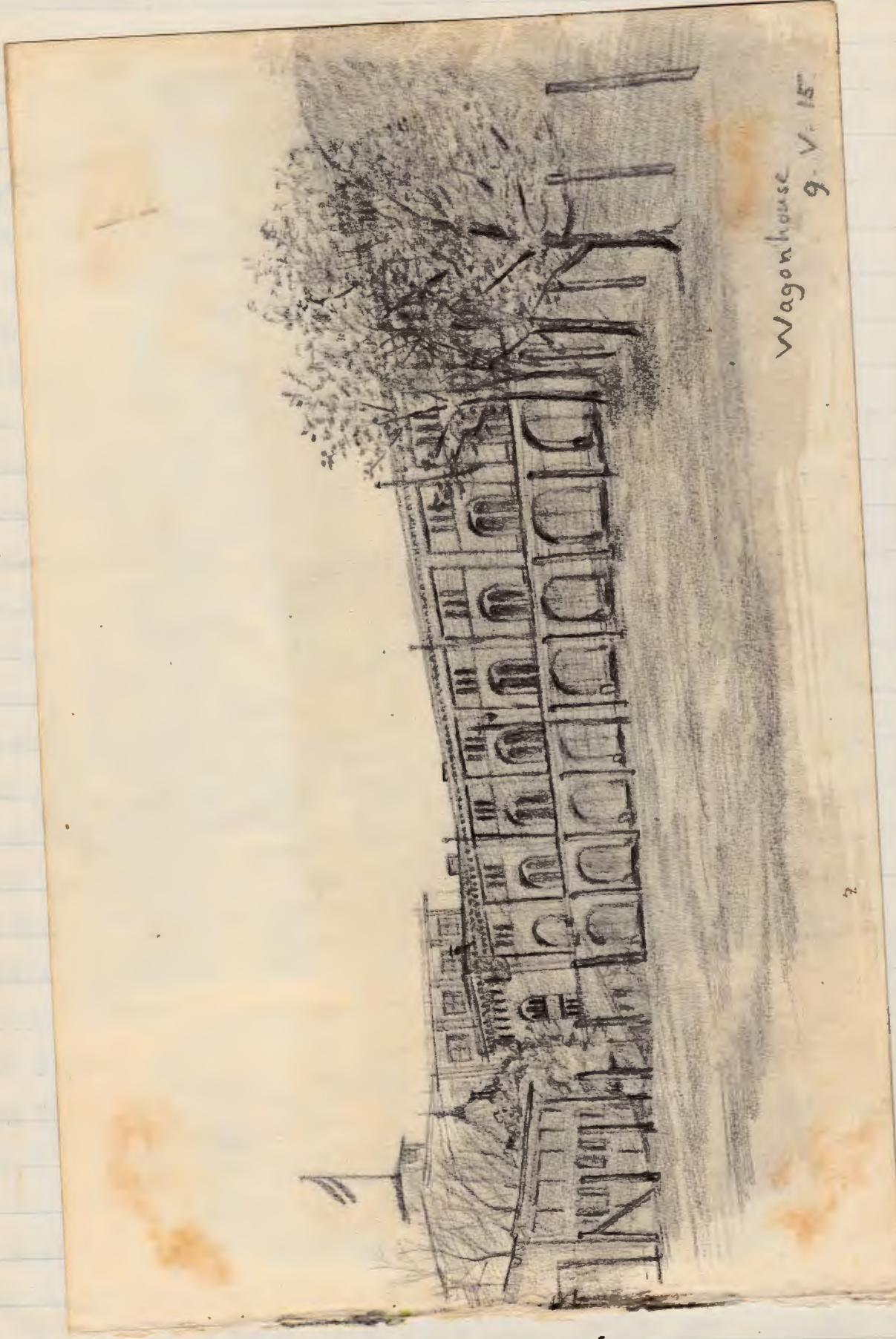


The Canteen was run by the same man as at Schomhorst
^{similar}
 the same things were on sale, and the feeding was identical.
 The Germans always have a girl of sorts waiting in the canteen
 & in this case hangs a story. An ~~Belgian~~ officer who did
 not seem very popular, ^{with his own brother officers} made love to the ~~the~~ lady & the
 love affair ended in the lady being about to increase the
 population of the Fatherland. The authorities ordained that
 he must marry her. The Belgian agreed. It was fixed
 up I believe even to the honey moon. But the censor then
 made a move in the game, saying how can this be, when
 he receives letters from another wife? He got then solitary
 confinement & the lady I take it imprisonment for holding
 intercourse with the enemy. Though she ^{thus} got the order of
 the boat, signalling communication was kept up with a
 handkerchief till the Germans again stepped in.

My sleeping apartment was a long room all wood with
^{for} wooden partitions between it & the next long rooms.
 The feeding was done by menes, the tables being placed
 near the window end. Thus we had our little table
 to ourselves. The beds were along the side of the room.
 It was now summer so the window was permitted to be
 open. I was at the far corner away from the windows
 & opposite the door. Though the boards did not fit well
 & the window in the passage was open, I found it at
 first very stuffy & could not sleep. Not long after however
 a slit was cut in the board just over my head & it
 became much better.

Things in a way were much more lax on this side. No
 German for instance came to see if one was out of
 bed. The douche ^{at Schomhorst} was now ^{daily} open, cold water only for half

¹ View of Wagonhouse from the Central Court. This was ultimately a tennis court.





an hour after appel. One used thus to attend appel more or less in pyjamas & a great coat with a towel. Later the bath place was open before appel, but this meant much the same thing on the return journey. Appel was I think 8-30 & breakfast was served before it, that is, coffee & bread. We used as a rule to have a cup of coffee on rising & cook our breakfast after appel.

Appel was done first by rooms & then by nationalities as an extra check, with the result that it used to take from 20 minutes to half an hour.

During this function the gate of our yard was locked & one was never permitted out, till it was all over. It was in June when I came over this side. From the windows in the passage one got a view of the Elbe & the island beyond. From any of the exercise grounds ones view was extremely limited.

The Germans now introduced a new idea of parcels - That is every one had a box with his name on it. All this was taken away on arrival & deposited in the box & could only be drawn before appel. This worked all right for a period till some Belgian or French officer complained that he had lost some tins - After this we had a more complicated system of book keeping. Packets were given out by nationalities. a list being posted on the door. One then went in in ones turn. It was generally a case of a long delay. Ultimately I found it generally paid not to go at all, for in the end they sent for you. I think the parcels as a whole arrived very well at this camp.

In the early days we used to play a certain amount of stump cricket. Before I left Schonhert we had had two.

Then we^{re} 3 courts martial on English officers whilst I was here. One was on Chichester Constable for calling a workman a swine, for dropping mortar on his head at Torgau. He had been asked to pay compensation & refund. Then he got about 6 months. He managed to slip away in a party going to GOTSLAW, but I expect German injustice followed him up. Another, on a Gunner who had been found, in a search, in possession of Kaiserlich property; to whit the number plate of his door at TORGAU; he got a matter of days. The 3rd, on an officer over a little matter of reading a letter home by an English Doctor which they had unfortunately discovered. His sentence on appeal was always increasing.

By German law you can I think appeal 3 times. The sentence seems generally to be raised each time. It is not always so, I am given to understand.

There was a Russian officer sentenced to death - who appealed and got about 14 days. The prosecutor then appealed & he got slightly more.

Escaping is not looked upon as a crime - the normal punishment being 14 days, but the German looks for a wide issue. Thus if you are tunneling you use wood & they try & bring in theft for which they give you 2 yrs. Some Russians went under a road, the crime here was endangering German Communications & the first sentence was death; on appeal this was reduced to 2 or 3 yrs.

They produce an interpreter, but at least their justice is not the same as ours -

It seems that in escapes - one got a good deal less if you succeeded in getting clear of the camp.

both of which we won.

matches against Wagenhaus. We used also to play the Russians at their game. A game which is a cross between cricket & rounders. It is a game of catching in the long field. The Russians who don't know how to catch, manage it some ^{the first being about} marvellous way to do it. I must say our representatives in international matches as a rule gave an exhibition of how it should not be done.

However when the tennis court really got going all these other side-issues gradually dropped out. The tennis club consisted of all the English, a sprinkling of French & Belgians, when combined number was more than the English & two Russians. One was permitted to play in one four in a tour. The names being written in a book in fours & the hours were drawn for by the Secretary a French officer. X

I started mustard & cress gardens on the bank of the tennis court, & in various places. Unfortunately I never reaped the benefit for I was again on the maz, this time however at my own request.

During the long spell of fine weather I spent the whole day out of doors - we were even allowed out after supper till 9 I think in our own yard. But even then a fatigue party was allowed to work on the tennis court.

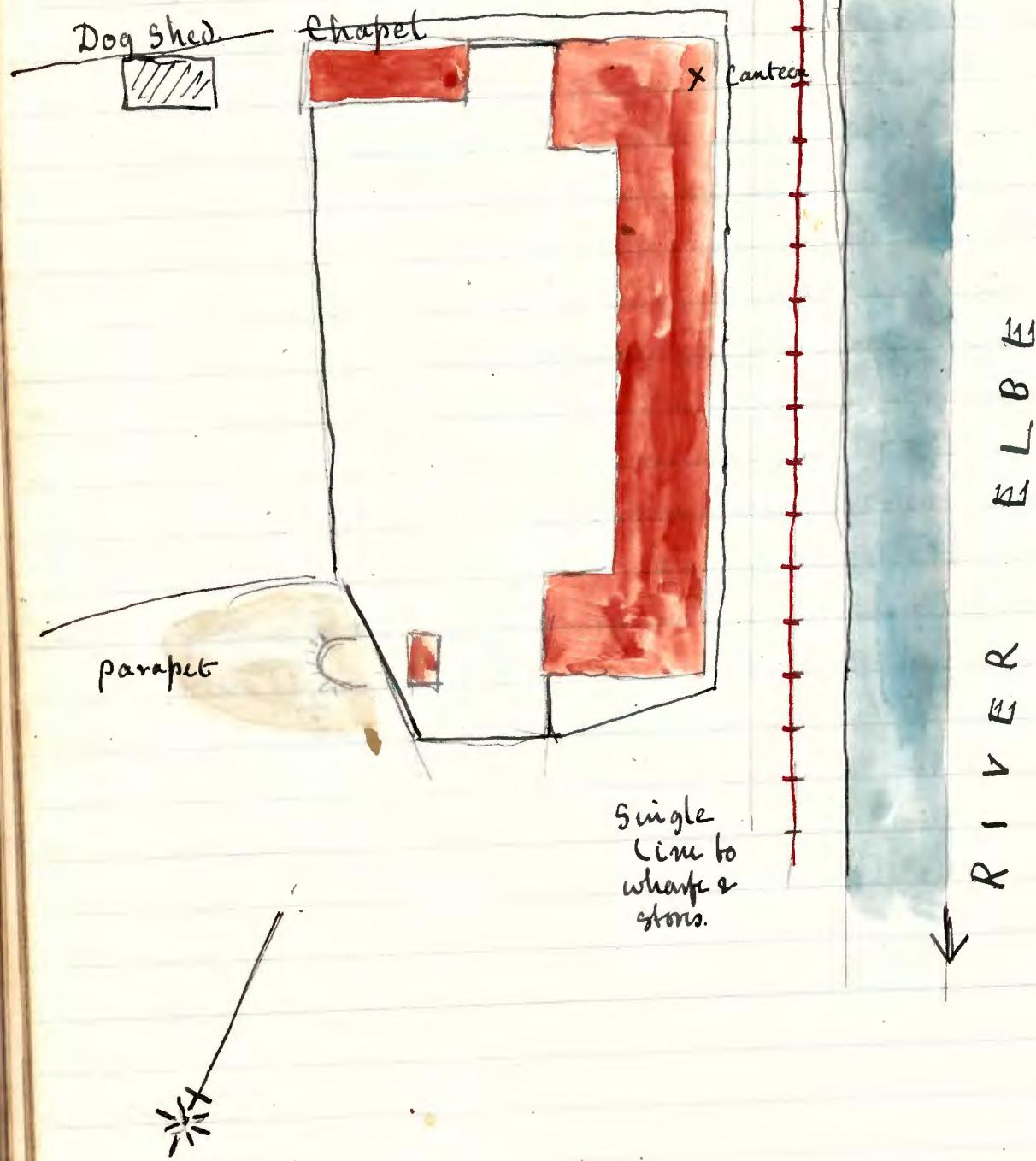
Our maz was shortly increased by the British Chaplain Burg being broken up for the time. He did not stay long going home to England with a party of Doctors. I put in a certain amount of drawing this spring & summer. & some of my efforts disfigure the books of officers of diverse nationalities.

We had here two German Sensors for the English letters.

As a case of doing the right thing in the wrong way.

WAGON HAUS

Large siding
to main line



At holiday times the censoring was bad but judging by other camps I have been in there was little really of which to complain.

One of the censors had learnt his English in America. He had usually the job of attending church services. There was always an interpreter present even when the German Pardöli held forth. The other used to bring the letters round - he was inclined to be much too friendly. It was bad enough these creatures reading ones letters without their discussing ones private affairs.

A railway siding to the main line ran on the East side of our enclosure. It often gave us ride lights on the war. On an average a hospital train would be shunted twice a week but when things were lively on some front two might be seen a day. Then were train loads of sledges for use on the East front - parts of light railway. Many & many machine guns - field cookers - and at times heavy guns - ammunition wagons - The rolling stock seemed to come from all over the place with a large proportion from Belgium. Open trucks were as a rule rare. A little single line ran along the bank of the Elbe an offshoot from this siding. The bank here being made into wharfs for barges to unload their cargoes. What sort of trade they were carrying on I do not know. The Elbe has a strong current & they pull themselves up by a kind of endless chain. Each barge has a dog on board. The noise of this chain in use we could hear at the citadel but did not then know what it was.

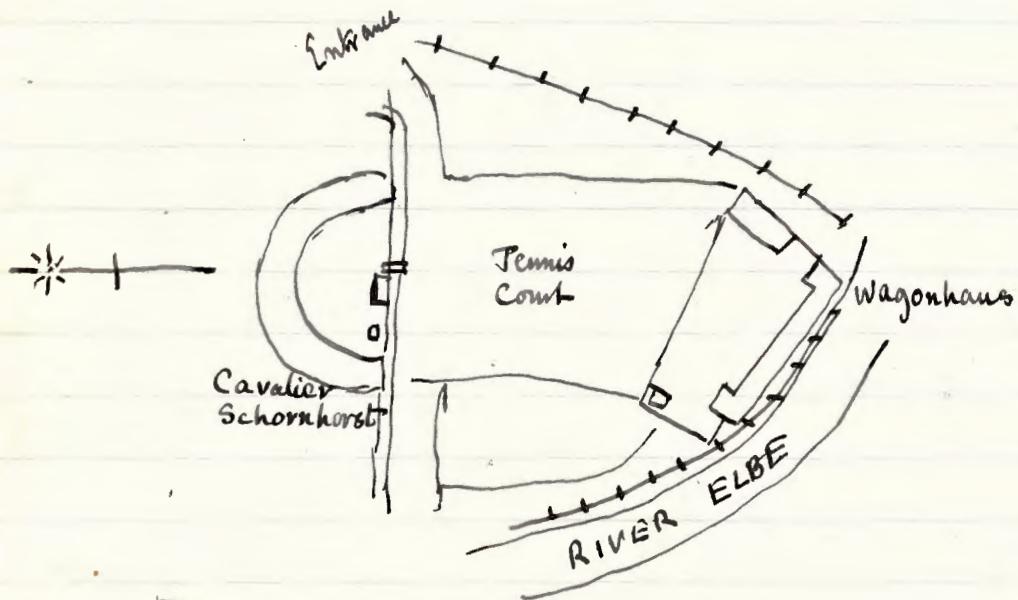
Aeroplanes were at times overhead. There was a ~~hot~~ which caused us some interest. He had become quite

2 I attended rather an ardeal a Belgian tea given
in honour of their King's birthday.

We gave a dinner to the Chaplain just before he
left for England. My duty was to illustrate the
menus & I was given just half an hour to do
it in.

Teas however were our usual social form of enter-
tainment. Each little party had a separate mes.
One used to be asked to tea with various people.
On wet days we found puzzles useful. I still kept up my
shorthand.

Every month an appéle was solemnly read out to us Section -!
something of the German Military Penal Code. It was
a long rigmordole, the idea being that every German
Officer was our superior, and so indeed were the
ants in round the camp.



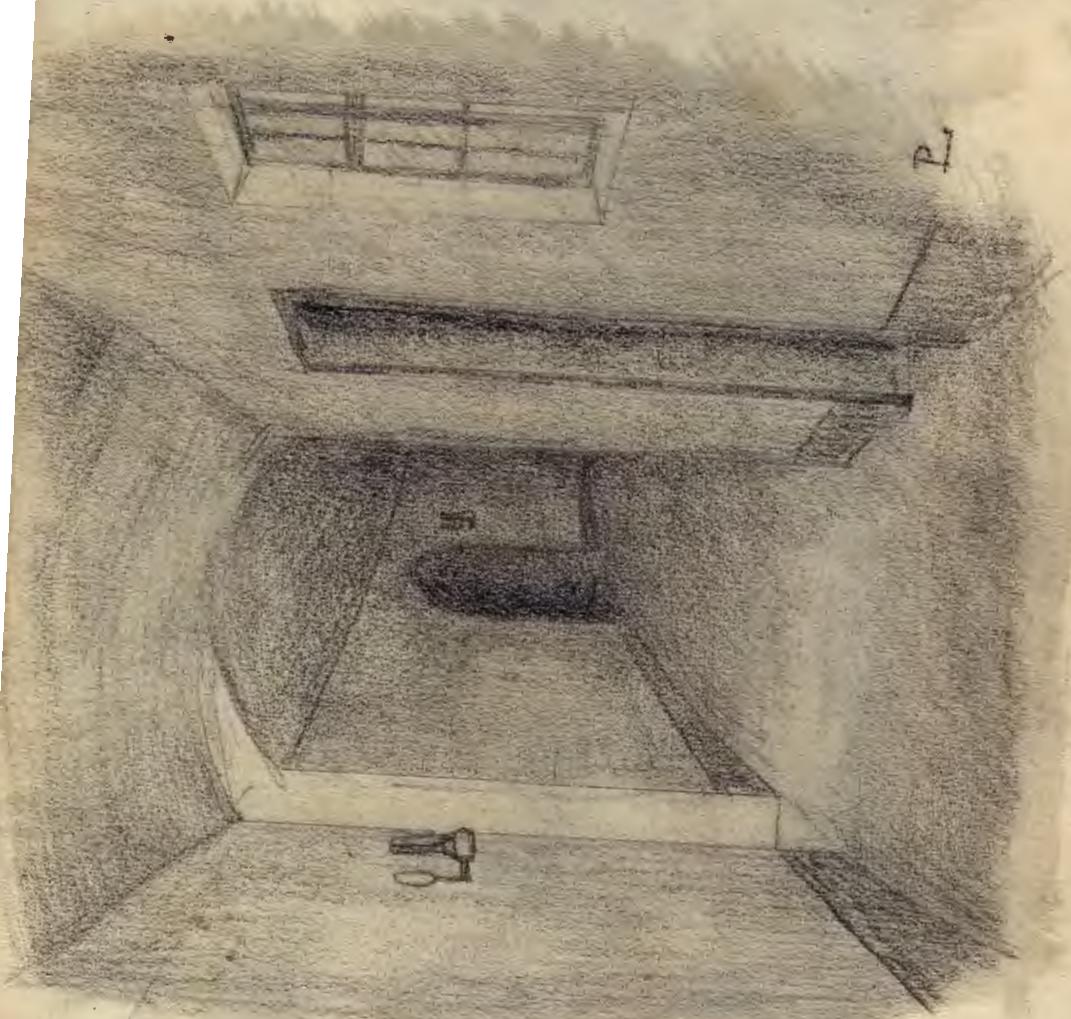
Map showing two camps.

accustomed to the prisoners, ~~He used to feed~~^{on} mice which he caught on the bank practically under our noses. It was always a speculation when he made his forced whether he had struck a winner. He was a persistent devil & I don't recall his ever having to go away without his dinner. ^{in the end.}

The system which the Germans now adopted was that under the Admiral, Schankheit was a company & had a Captain and a Sabaltein. The Captain then was the same whose acquaintance I had first made at the Citadel. The sabaltein we called the chocolate soldier. I never really made him out. He was a Baron somebody. Was always immaculately dressed in a cavalry uniform of bright colours. He had bulldogs which he wanted to sell to the war prisoners. He said he was only half a German & from his talk often seemed to say more than he should. He was or tried to be very friendly with the English. But I wrongly perhaps mistrusted the German half of him. We at Wagonhaus had a Captain and a Sabaltein but they have left little impression on my mind. The chocolate soldier was nominally at the head of the tennis & games. He made out he was a great blood.

My change to a new camp was a sudden one. It was given out that a new camp was being formed at Clausthal and a certain number of French & Belgians were going. The chocolate soldier said it was a very good place & he knew it well. The upshot was that I and my men applied to go. At first it was said that it was impossible.

However at the time the English were in good favour



Note. The window looks into room 8 & the
Door in the distance leads to the
Dorme.



rather

and the upshot was that we ~~were~~, or ^{were} a certain number of us, allowed to ~~go~~^{depart}. I was the actual last ^{one} taken. On a baking hot ~~at the end of~~ beginning of August 1915 we were marched down to the station. It was a longish walk & the inhabitants took little interest in us. At the station the Admiral put in an appearance. We were here joined by a small party from BURG. Strange to relate we travelled in 1st or 2nd class carriages - It was the first journey that I had been treated like an officer. The people at the stations were not in the least hostile. We were allowed to buy things en route. but only the Burg party had officially German money. A complete change seemed to have come over Germany, perhaps as the officer of the escort remarked "we have become more humane", or perhaps it was a matter of policy. Up to date, certainly till May the Germans considered that we should be treated on the same scale as their privates - we had much the same food for which we had the privilege of paying, same beds, same rooms, same scale of clean sheets towels etc. our only privilege being to have one orderly to nine officers which usually worked out far less, as for example one man might be permanently employed in the kitchen, and another somewhere else etc. If there were 81 officers there would be 9 orderlies quite irrespective of how they were employed.

Clausthal Kur house from the back (before the huts were built).



The trees in front were sometimes used as a beer garden, in past days.



Clausthal.

Clausthal prison camp is situated right in the country about a mile out of the town. In the very heart of what Badeller would call the beautiful Hartz scenery. Clausthal itself is a good rise from the plains - Certainly the surroundings are beautiful, & ~~certainly~~^{truly} the air is good & healthy. I felt the difference at once. The building itself was a Kurhouse or Hotel, built mostly of wood. It was naturally overcrowded all the best rooms in the place had been taken by the Belgians, who were specially favoured being mostly put together. They fell from grace in the autumn of 1916, but up to then, Belgian tubalerns had the most favored rooms. We were on arrival told off to ~~rooms~~^{ours}. I was put into a room with 3 Russians, the next day however there was a new distribution & I was put into the next room with a Belgian, a French and a Russian. This was a small single room at the top of the house. It was frightfully crowded but fortunately had an open verandah where we placed the washing-stand. At this period there were no baths in the house; there were not put in for about 6 months. We could get a bath each week by being marched in parties to the WILHELM mine & here on the payment of 30 Pfs for a shower or 40 for a long bath, we could wash. There were but 2 long baths which the seniors took as a rule. We now could see how the German Government took care of its work people. The showers were much superior to any we had come across in the various camps. Each shower being in a separate cubicle. The German workman when he arrives, changes his clothes which he hangs up ~~on~~ on a wire, draws this

up to the roof, and lock it by a padlock - After his work he can have a hot bath. The temperature of the water was regulated by the bath superintendent. The money was collected by an N.C.O. Not only did one get a bath but also a walk and change of scene. It was on the way to the town near the station perhaps $\frac{3}{4}$ mile away.

I was in this camp from Aug 1915 to Dec 14th 1916. and during that time had two commandants. The first was a wounded Col., Col: Von Gutenheim. He had been at the front. I think he would have been alright but he was shortly sent again on active service. He was fond of talking on appel. He started with a long speech & asked us all to salute the dead of all nations. He was succeeded by an ancient warrior of the 70 war with a breast of medals of that period. He had an enormous corporation & white side whiskers. He trembled like a jelly fish when he was angry. He wore for preference a mixture of mufti & Uniform, the mufti predominating. At times it was only a field service caps. He was a merchant by trade & I think on the whole was a bad man - But his usual policy was "laissez faire".

All the time I was there, then was a Feldwebel lieutenant named Caifer. I have seldom seen a man ~~detestable~~^{evitable} more than he did during the 18 months I was there. Originally he was a man or less alert soldier. He was engaged to the daughter of the Canteen lady. However he had many lady loves. Drink also he was fond of. At the time I came away, it was a practical certainty if he took appel that he would not have noticed if 20 officers had been deficient. We had a selection of lieutenants but then did not begin to come till the spring of 1916.

View from the bottom of the new field.



X Later on this was only practicable 2 days a week & a fixed ration then.

of the original staff,

The German N.C.O.s, were polite and did their best for one. The Canteen was in the main hall or dining room. Here one could buy most things - at a price. Originally most drinks were on sale such as champagne, port (whiskey later) etc. The quantity was unlimited. Eggs could be bought at first daily but then got scarcer & scarcer & finally were un procurable. During 1915 however most evenings one could for 2 marks or so buy in the evening what was called a Plat de soir this was a good dish of meat - also at times deer, or salmon etc. In other words if one spent money one could live quite well. The feeding provided for us for which we paid 1.60 I think till March 1916 when it was raised to 2 marks was nothing much. Thus for breakfast coffee so called ^{war} Bread could be bought. For dinner at 1 p.m. Soup - meat not much, 2 vegetables - & perhaps fruit such as prunes, may be an apple, or pear. For supper various ^{to}, might be soups. might ^{or} be bread & cheese, might even be two eggs. Things were as a rule well cooked. & served more or less clean. The daily menu fell off more & more as the food question struck Germany. Finally however it got so bad that morning came down in Nov 16 to 1.50 then we got coffee without sugar or milk. for breakfast. Lunch Potatoes & cabbage or carrots supper soup. Meat a small slab on Sunday - & fish perhaps one other day. The Plat de soirs disappeared early in 1916. But certain it was, if anything could be produced it was placed on sale. Thus occasionally there was a fish plat de soir. But in 1916 we lived in luxury if we cared to pay. Thus the cook who was an excellent cook would prepare

S^T ANDREW'S NIGHT 1915

G. T. Macmillan Major
The Royal Scots



MENU

Potage à la Coquue

Endives au Rhin frites

Oreilles du Capitole roties

Lapins de Galles

Dessert

Café - Cigares - Liqueurs

Champagne - Böche

Clawsthal 30 November 1915

Major R.F.A.

Plan of attack / Plan of

Page 1. about flask of whiskey ,
→ ~~knowing~~ only mentioned
that there were 50 or 60 all
wounded - You now say we
three Officers had a cup of
Whiskey who -

Page 3.

Did succeed in their aims?
or - the word?

atropos of French women .

sail lead -

on the march generally reb-
els " requires rearrangin'

Mt Murray alters escort .

so to escort is that

Page 8 -

Parties would not at homes be better

Page 9 -
beside what I have mentioned
badly repressed - that which
who was in the country
who had been in the
about 17 Reserve (continued)

Paragraph of sanitation.

10 Very problematical if they
were ever sent - might add -

Certainly I never have heard

11 They were ever received?
roughly the more stars the more so

Page 11. about what I would wear
in the summer.

12 "bed space"
a supper issued to us
too much issued?

12. apd what spelt right
13. Vegetable or vegetable
15. something to do with shells
not well expressed.
- 16 mostly? Rumours most likely ones
at the place ?
- 17 Gaston
- How I was captured

quite a good dinner for a dinner party. It has always been my policy not to spend money in this country so I did not ^{as a rule} indulge in these luxuries. I however attended two dinner parties, one on St Andrew night & one on the Rec day of the K.O.Y.L.I. thus I speak with a certain amount of experience.

The Germans did not seem to mind ones descriptive return from camp to camp, but each camp made a new one. I doubt if any one ^{of mine} agreed in a single detail.

At Schornhorst the returns were filled in in such a ludicrous way that even the Germans ^{posting as they do} ~~were~~ no sense of humour tumbled to the fact that ~~his~~ ^{their} leg was being pulled. Mine ran much as follows "Track before the war - 'lion tamer'." In the 101st Army Corps the 73rd Division. Proficient in what languages "Zulu" & so on. It was of course somewhat difficult at another camp to remember ones previous answers.

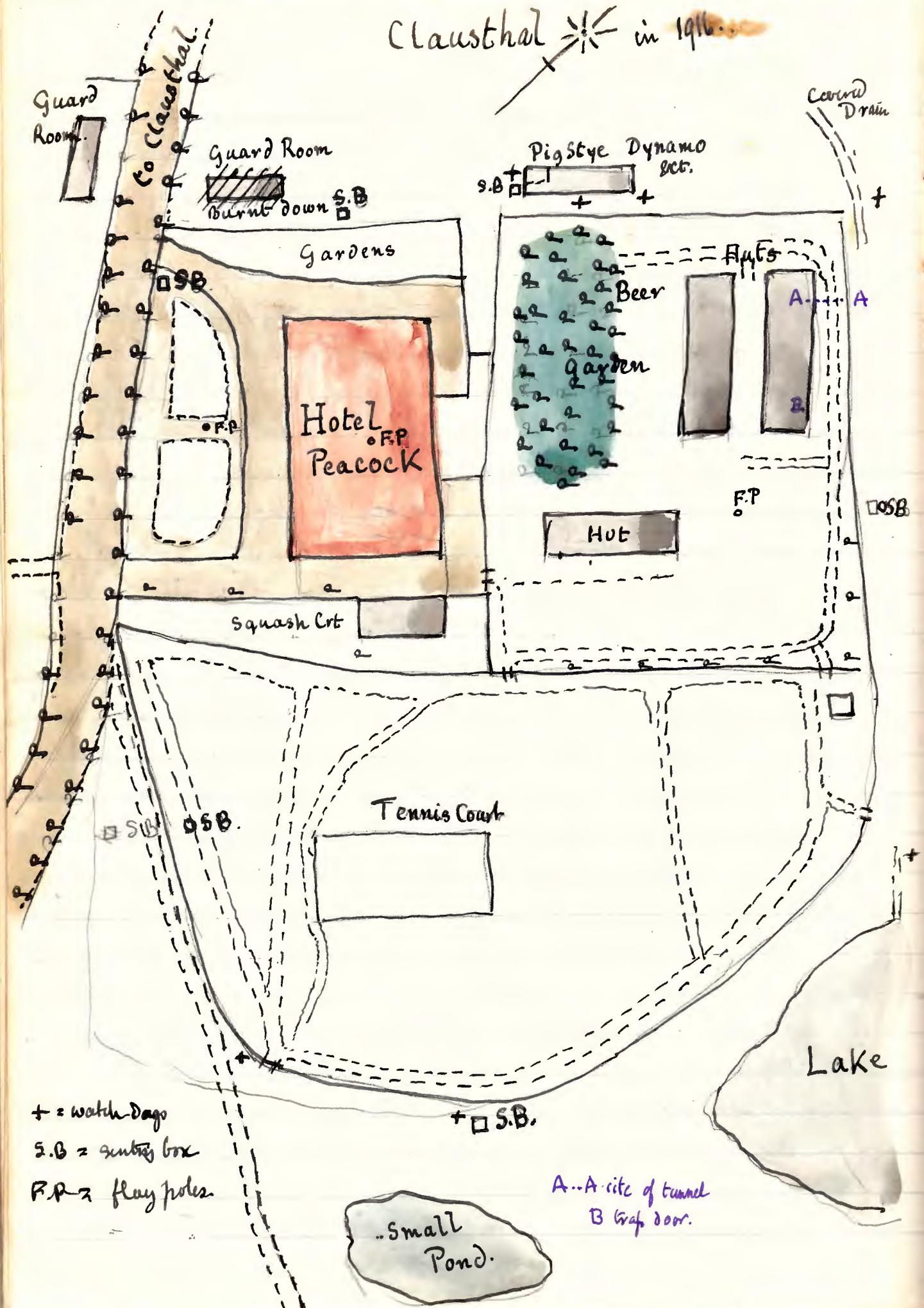
The Germans however would swallow most things.

At Schornhorst ^{Hun} ~~they~~ formed a threatened insurrection, it was in von Gertz days - But as I said to the Captain you have no right to ask these questions - this he acknowledged to be the fact - & then the matter dropped.

This camp Clausthal was supposed by the Germans to be one of the best in Germany. In some ways perhaps it was. During 1916. the German Government spent a matter of a few hundred pounds in buying ornamental trees - These were put in all over the place & we were confined mostly to the paths - Roses ^{cultivated trees} & numerous ^{other} varieties. They were planted by the Rumanian gardener who declared that 50% would not grow as they were totally unfit to withstand the climate. I think Horn had rather a mania for tree culture.

Sus. Note A

Clausthal in 1916.



The climate is certainly rigorous. We left glorious summer at Magdeburg, ^{here} we found rain & it rained most of August and was very cold too - Then was a little nice weather in Sept then more rain - a lovely fortnight in Oct. but the 20th. ^{of this month saw} ~~it~~ was the first fall of snow. Snow & thaw till Xmas - Then the snow came & lay till March. Nice weather for a bit. One sat in the sun & watched the snow melt. May was not a bad month but after that there was no real summer. In fact in the summer so called of 1916 I always wore 2 waistcoats & never sitting out ^{in the sun} was really too warm. Then must be an abnormal amount of rainfall in this spot. The climate has little to recommend it except that it is pure & invigorating.

When we first came, we constructed quite a sparing little golf course of 9 holes round the estate. Of course it was garden golf, but one got most heavily punished if one got off the line. The largest hole was about 100' in the field. We used to hold competitions - bogey rounds etc. It was necessary to play right round the place. Of course our allies would walk & naturally some of them got hit every day. A half length shot would ricochet off a Belgian's head onto the green or more probably hit his leg & go off into the rough. In which case it was harder to apologise. Short as one would they would not move & generally selected a green to stand & talk on. I have seen one of our long handicap men get a Russian a full shot on the chest - at the short hole - fortunately he was a great friend of the Russians - but it required some smoothing over for the Russian was one Col. Popoff & his dignity was badly hurt. On the whole I think



Squash Racket Court

May 16

Clausthal

1 X 16.

Views on the N.E side of the Camp



Cloudy
10. IX. 15.



the allies won very long suffering, for as a rule they took it all in good part. Matches were played for flat desours & many strange games were fixed up. During the winter the Germans constructed huts in the field & by spring when the snow had cleared away golf was no longer possible.

As soon as possible we set about erecting a squash ^a racket court. As then were under 20 of us. This cost a considerable outlay. It was also doubtful how long we might be here. However ^{However on the whole we got a quite reasonable contract fixed up.} when constructed I think it was a great success. I had the honour of being secretary of this club. When the weather was bad one could always get 3/4 hour of real hard exercise. In 1916 the camp began to fill up with English & the records of the club got more & more taxed. When I left in Dec 1916 there were about 40 members. This was not nearly so satisfactory. For one only got the court once in 3 or 4 days & then probably at an hour when one did not want to play. After a year of playing when one liked it was a nuisance. But of course although we had paid for it & taken the risk of not using it we could not adopt a policy of dog in the manger. In any case I must say I got most excellent value out of it.

In the spring of 1915 walks rather under one a week were allowed on signing a paper that one would not escape. Personally for reasons which I am not going to touch ^I did not join the walking party for nearly 3 months. The first walks were under the Commandant. He was old & fat but he used to get a considerable distance at a very slow pace. The French & Belgians also came.

We used to walk with the French. So even here it was impossible to escape the French language. At first the Commandants idea was to walk to some Hotel in the woods, then get tea or drink. Stay an hour or so & then on. This he considered would be good for trade. The General however absolutely vetoed this. When I joined the walks it was "strong verboten". This meant that the Commandant used to lean us while he went & refreshed the wine man. Caiper did not take us out as it was the rule that a commissioned officer must accompany the party. Soon a selection of lieutenants were sent to do this job - then the commandant did not appear. We also went longer walks sometimes as much as 4 hours. Some of the lieutenants kept to the strict letter of the law - others, weaker, fell & in the middle of the summer I did once or twice taste beer at a local pub. Then walks were ~~to me~~ a great blessing, for one saw fresh scenes and somehow relieved the brain. At any rate after them I generally managed to get a nights sleep. I do not propose to set down here the beauties of nature in the Hartz - We were taken to see the show places. All the same I kept my eyes open. The Hartz is much used for convalescent soldiers we were always meeting them. The children we met were most friendly. It was not a case of hate. They always wanted to talk. Fathers in heaven or fathers fighting was their usual answer to our first question. I don't think the local inhabitants were ill disposed. The children looked unhealthy but by no means starved. Late in the summer of 1916 I noticed that ~~not~~ the women in Clausthal & Rinnerfeld which villages touch, were nearly

④ One curious incident I noticed during one of our walks.
I was walking with a Naval airman he was of course
in Naval Kit & he was twice mistaken by German soldiers
for one of their own officers, getting a far superior salute
to the German lieutenant in charge of the party. Then
seem to be possibilities here.

all in black from which I deduced that the local Regiment had just had it in the neck.^② After Hindenburg had been collecting his new army I noticed that many of the hospitals were empty & that there were but few convalescents about. It was their practice to put their cured convalescents on guard ~~over us~~^{soldiers}. Then a war would come. Generally after some big show, and a draft of these men would go off to the front. And to the front they went right into the firing line. I think this command was in Belgium. (There were not the local Regt.). The local Regt. won Jagers & in 1915 won against the Italians. One day we went to see a new camp which was being opened at Altenau. The whole walk was only about 16 miles - but it was enough to show how very unfit I now had become. I did not think much of the camp. It was much smaller than our own. Neither did it seem to offer any facilities for escape. Later I heard some did escape from there.

Originally as a men orderly we had a Frenchman. He it was who designed the menu attached. He was really rather an artist & it hardly does him credit. He used to paint in oils. He was a good mess waiter when he tried. He was all on to make money & I fancy did the canteen down. In the end he took to photography & used to make money that way rather at the expense of his other work. Finally he was taken away to wait on the French & after that sent to a mens camp. We then had a succession of English orderlies. When we got a good one the Germans promptly sent him off to a mens camp.

Thus bridges over big rivers were guarded. They had found their way barred over the Lille, ~~and~~^{but} had crossed unchallenged by going boldly over singing "Der Wacht am Rhein". Nor is this an isolated case of the value of this refrain. I may add the French don't use quite the same words as in the original. Probably in this case they kept to the copy.

If any one did an escape . The rest of the camp was punished. One of these punishments was no walks for a fortnight. During the summer of 16 the Russian officers were allowed out walking once a week under a guard & similarly the orderlies. But all walks except for the English ceased at the end of the summer.

There was a French Carpenter who was always employed at his job by the Germans. He did me a good turn of which more anon. A Russian gardener whom I have mentioned before.

When we first came to the camp two French officers made an escape. It was an obvious way to go. I had no kit or I should have tried it. They found themselves at dawn one day near the targets of a field firing range which was being used & were caught. This was near Hanover. They brought back however some useful information. An escaped officer's camp is always changed, but the Germans ~~always~~^α let them out for about 24 hours before they leave, so even if one had no other methods of obtaining information they provided one.

The winter of 1915 & the spring of 1916 I spent in making preparation for a bolt. I and ^{an} other officer with the help of a very sound French mathematician constructed a collapsible boat which weighed about 20 lbs & would carry both of us. Naval officers who afterwards saw it said it was quite sound. I procured myself a suit of mufli. This was not very hard in 1915. It was a fine tourist's Kit - but I found I could not get a hat.

Various people such as the carpenter were allowed in the town on their own - but it was verboten for them to buy Homburg hats.



FOR S
OF C
DE P
SEC

SAFETY
APITAL
AND
WELCOME

I therefore set to work and made one. I don't think the effort was a bad one. A compass was the next difficulty. This was got over by also ^{constructing} ~~making~~ one. Ingredients a cheap German luminous watch — magnetizing a bit of the metal by the electric current which was supplied to light our rooms. The next thing was to save up time & biscuits for a 21 days trek for we were right in the heart of Germany. My companion was in touch with a lady in Norway. But she could not or would not bribe any skipper to take us over. Finally we had to give this idea up. Our next idea was a neap tide & a moonless tide night & the mouth of the EMS. Trusting to strike Dutch mud, the incoming tide to put us on the banks of Holland. The difficulty was to obtain information. Finally it was a case of dead reckoning. I knew I made it out that we must start 21st May. About the 10th May 1916. A new field was added to the camp & the carpenter working on the job kindly knocked loose 3 boards in the fence. We proposed strolling out in broad day light. We had now had built new huts in our old field which were partially filled by Russians & French. Unfortunately too the carpenter had made too good a job of the board business, with the result that the Belgians who like to have their nose in everything found it out. They must of course go strolling up to look at the place every hour of the day. It was a spot the guard never visited. But we still had to wait ten days. It would have been wiser to have gone at once. Each day brought a fresh trouble. We soon found that two young Russians were also meditating a

X represented by a very fat bugler, who was called the Hornet, or the
Half starved Landwehr.

View of the Fence in the front of the House

dark. They had removed some boards lower down the fence screened by fir trees. We put our case to them saying we could not go before the 21st & had been preparing all the winter. They were quite nice about it & gave their word of honour they would not go before we did. We thought one place must lead to the finding of the other.

The next excitement was that a German soldier cycling lost control of his machine and dashed through the fence or rather board wall not 6 feet from our hole. Some one who was sitting there had the presence of mind to ram our boards in tight with his feet. The guard immediately pointed itself on the hole & to my consternation I saw that the shock had knocked the boards clean away from the Russians place. It took a little time to find them. And then they could not get at it as the entry on the hole overlooked the place. The upshot was the carpenter mended the cyclist's hole - & at the same time an interfering civilian pointed out the Russians place which was also fixed up under German supervision. Nowhere they did not seem in the least suspicious thinking no doubt that one hole had been the cause of the loosening of the other boards. Our place was undiscovered. X opposite is the place where the bottom boards were nailed less - Y is the spot where the cyclist appeared (If the boards ~~were~~ had been nailed outwards instead of inwards he must have been killed).

The Russian place was just beyond the green ^{smudge} hedge on the left supposed to represent a fir tree.



8 v humor.
"The sunbird
here now!!"

Belian Redwings
with green girl
42.

512
humor

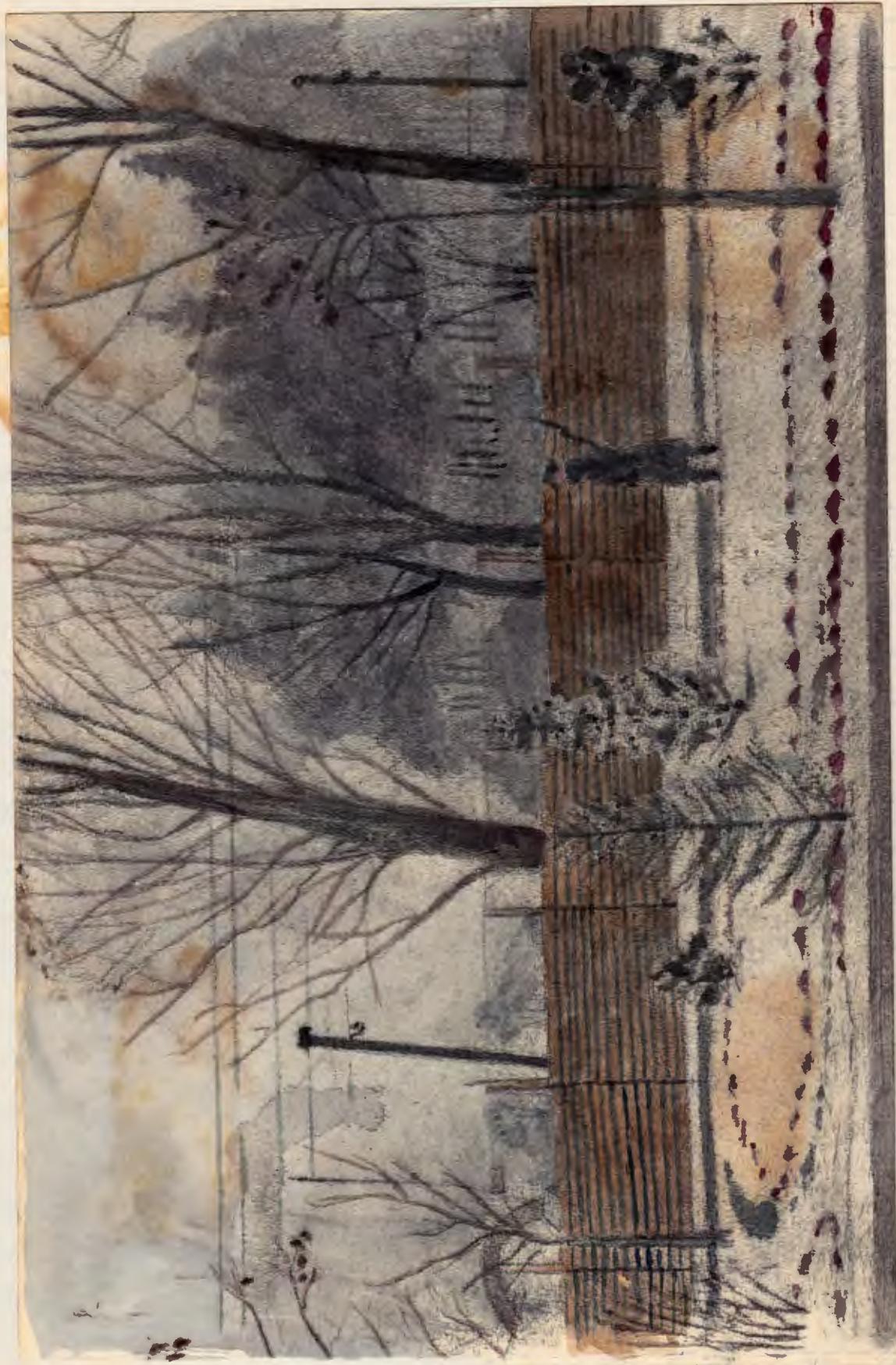
512 - 512
alternating
orange

On the 19th May there was a fire. The German guard room being burnt to the ground. It was touch and go that the whole building did not catch. At the first go of the retreats for the most part left their posts but unfortunately one came quite near our hole, otherwise this would have been an excellent chance. Then someone in authority arrived - a cordon of guard was put round the place & we were warned to be ready to evacuate the building. The local fire engine arrived with a bugler & the local Jagaar company with an officer. It was a droll sight. I must say I had the first real laugh that I had had for months -

But that very afternoon a new misfortune befell us. There was a walk; and two young French officers who had just arrived elected to do a bolt on this. They had never given their parole. Of course they had not thought out their scheme well. However they got clean away and were not missed till the following morning. They were ultimately caught in Westphalia because they had run out of food. I may add the German Lieutenant in charge of this walk got a rough half hour from the General & was soon transferred to another camp. But as far as we were concerned it led to the discovery of our bolt hole. For naturally they did not ^{at first} think of the walk.

Appels here as a rule were gentlemanly. Thus the 1st appel was at 9.30 except on bath days Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursdays when it was at 12. When an escape took place they used at once to sound the appel. Then

Winter View from the front of the House.



appel varied with the season. In winter it was 4p.m & in the summer before our evening meal. Every escape made the next one harder to carry out. For the time we were stymied. Later on in Oct 1916. The Germans used to have a roll call or rather go round our rooms between 10 - 11 at night. This was in consequence of another escape. They ~~Germans~~ also made the senior officer of each nation produce a piece of paper with the numbers that ought to be present. The French refused to do this & the Colonel & his adjutant were sent to another camp. The Russians now had a General. His adjutant went on the principle of always having his numbers wrong. They won the largest body here and there was always a delay whilst an argument went on & the adjutant, we called him KAPUT, he was ^{or thought} to be quite mad, scratched his head.

There was however method in his madness. In June I think ^{it was} the commandant ^{received} a message that a Russian who had been captured ~~said~~ said he came from Clausthal; the Commandant replied that ^{no Russian} ~~there~~ were missing. He had been absent the best part of a week & was not missed - Later on morning appel our names were read out & we severally answered to our names - still it was not hard to face the Germans. The English & the ^{Belgians} ~~Germans~~ won the good boys of the party.

However our goodness did not last long.

The Russian General here who came in '16 was to my mind a lunatic. He was an enormous man, one of the biggest I have ever come across. He hated the Germans. He was quite normal till the moon was full. He spoke excellent French, English & German & ~~he~~ could snub a German as

Winter view from the front of the House.

O. Another of his fads was fire alarm. In the end he had a kind of fire ~~alarm~~^{guard} formed. The English Commandant's only qualification for the job was that he had broken one of the German Fire Extinguishers - These extinguishers were tried once on a bonfire which as far as I could see burnt more brilliantly than before.

Again the English orderlies were in the habit of paying the Russian orderlies either in money or food to do the very dirty work. As the Russians got neither of them every one was satisfied. But the Russian General Considering ~~that~~ the idea ~~was~~ infra dig: to the Russian Army - forbade it.

Just before I left the orderlies were taken over by the Germans - with the idea of having the place clean by ten. The orderly in my room was a very hard working but slow North Sea fisherman who had been caught on the King Stephen. He had three rooms to do, and the last was unusually finished about noon. I don't know how the problem ~~was~~ solved.

well as any one I have ever seen. When the moon was full his ideas turned English - & he would bottom hole any British Officer who was weak enough to be caught & deliver a lecture ^{perhaps} on our national weaknesses. For example he would say if a Russian wished to say anything about himself he would use a very very small i but we would employ an I the size of half a page - O

We constructed a tennis court in our new field. It was very hard work as the German who engineered the ^{idea} ~~thing~~ insisted on ~~having it dug out of the side of a hill~~ & the country ground is shale. After the first foot or so it was all pick work. One fast struck me and that was then was nothing like the Keen ⁿs to walk that then had been at Mayday. The weather was much cooler, but, ^{inforisement tells} was finally finished with the aid of a fatigue party of Russian Prisoners. Then came trouble about the posts & wiring. We wished to use fir posts which were produced locally & thin wire netting - the cheapest form. The commandant wanted ^{wire} posts & thick wire netting such as was used for the camps. Also he said we could not put it up ourselves as it would be unrightly & badly done. I do not know how this would have ended for neither would give way & it looked as if the court would be dropped, but the General paid a visit. We carried our point & the commandant washed his hand of the affair. But we paid through the nose for the gravel stuff we used to make a foundation & the roller.

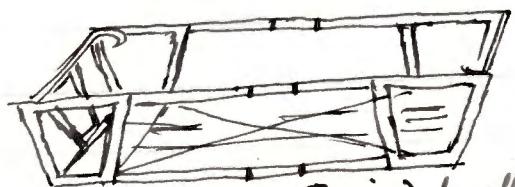
Ultimately the court was ^a ~~got~~ going & on fine days was in use all day. At the end of the season we had a succession of tournaments. In the doubles I

managed to get a 2nd prize, which was I think creditable as I and others were digging a tunnel at the time & as a rule played our round when dead tired.

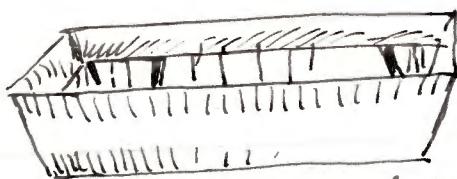
In 1916 we were allowed a patch on which to cultivate gardens. I was scarcely much amused at various officers ignorance on the subject. I and another officer had a flower & vegetable garden - also part share in another patch which was ultimately handed to me. We grew ^{amongst other things} peas which won a great success & kept our mess going for a month - but oh the trouble of shelling them which fell on me! - not that I was not helped but I was always one of the fatigue party. The ground was awful, more stones than earth. The weather was so cold that lettuce would not grow. I did not get any till end of July & then it was of course coarse from slow growth. The other vegetables beans, scarlet runners & endives were a total failure. The flower garden was ^{rather more of} a success we grew violas, pinks, forget-me-nots, marigolds, & as a centre piece two hollyhocks & a sunflower. These had just come to maturity when the tunnel was blown & everything was ruthlessly dug up by the Germans & the garden fenced off. Any one to be shot venturing on this patch. However in 1916 I spent many agreeable hours in my garden. There were many enemies to contend with, a little beetle attacked the radishes but I defeated him. Then the Belgians walked over my scarlet runners breaking most of the plants - The Russians cut the string supporting my peas & brought a good few down. But it all filled in the time.

^{During} The autumn of 1915. One had a chance of studying natural history. The place was overrun with field mice. One

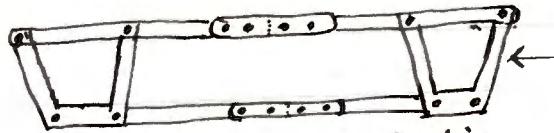
Boat Construction.



Frame Joined together.



Same with waterproof covering laced on.



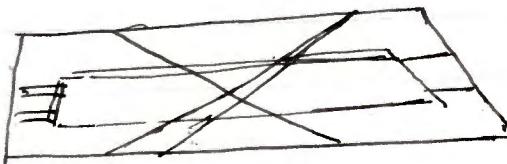
side frame. Section.

Raquet Press

walking stick



prow & stern pieces



Bottom.

Plan



* a lady ^{Debt}or. I was told she looked as if she had a touch of the tar brush. One of the guard was always present when she operated.

All the component parts looked quite innocent taken separately. This design was the result of much work & the help of a French officer who was a noted mathematician.

used to dig them up & catch them. It was interesting to see how they placed their nest so that it could not be flooded out. Then we saw a large number of spiders & wasps - the result of a wasp in a spider's web was generally in favour of the spider. Then there were many moles. And in the spring frogs & toads. So we wasted our hours!

During this autumn most evenings before Oct 20th when the snow came we played rounders. It was good exercise. When the snow came the Russians built an enormous ^{mountain}~~mountain~~ as high as the squash court roof for the purpose of luging. Then lugs could be bought in the Canteen - for the Canteen was above all a money-making concern.

A description of the boat which we spent the winter of 15-16 making is as follows - ^{It was} ~~which we~~ made to sail in the required way. The rest was constructed out of a deck chair made of oak wood. The frame work was made of pieces two foot long then were joined together by a small piece with screws & bolts - rope, our walking sticks, 3 racket frames complete all had their uses. During 1916 we had several marches - but they always drew blank.

During this winter I visited the dentist in Clausthal. He was a rough individual. Later for a time he was relieved by * The guard as a rule were friendly disposed to the English. One who stayed a long time we called Capt Kettle. He was the exact replica. He however said he had no wish to go to the front, by constituting himself as the caretaker of the watch dogs - he stayed a long time but he went at last.

- ① Other well known characters here among the allies were -
The Pope - A Frenchman who was once crimed with
Committing a Nuisance in the Bath.
Don Q - A character outwardly like the character.
And amongst the Russians we had:-
Lord Charles - Champaign Charlie - and such like names
which speak for themselves.

1 We told him in the words of our first commandant
him "that it was his good fortune to shed his blood for
the fatherland."

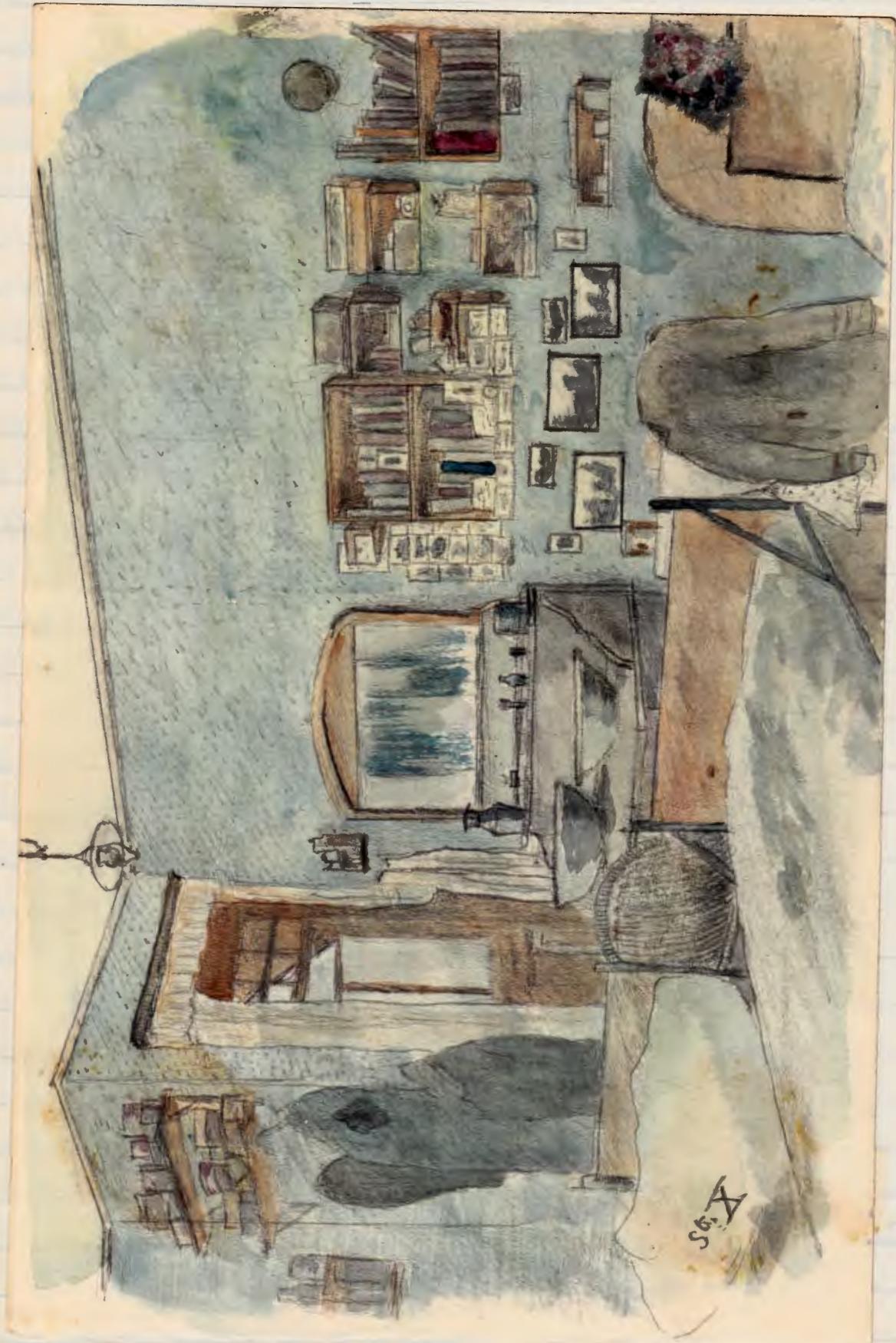
1 In facts the odds were largely on the prisoners for
he sometimes did bark at a strange human.

I suppose the fact was that owing to the many changes
of the guard they were unaware that he had run
about with us during his puppy days, now he occupies
the post of honour. So much the better!

Then was Monte Carlo Bill - and a youth who in peace time had been a cyclist racer - he soon had the audacity to ask the prisoners to supply him with boots when he went, gratuitously offering his photograph in exchange. Then there was a little W.C.O. in charge of the electricity & the orderlies, ~~He was~~ ^A the only one then who had brains. He was always on the ~~look~~ ^{out} for bribes. ①

One Russian hit on a good scheme to escape. He walked to the gate dressed as an orderly with his kit in a bucket. The sentry passed him out without a murmur. But he ran into the electrician & was soon placed in jail in the pig style. Here he got his kit & grub sent to him in parcels - & broke away one night by taking out the window. Then ^{as} ~~the~~ the dogs set up pandemonium. He lost his head & ran dropping most of his food - so of course he did not get far - As a matter of fact he was not missed till next morning. The barking of dogs was a common occurrence. We had a regular pack of hounds round us. But they were always kicking up a pandemonium so they defeated their object. It was pretty sure the sentries would take no notice of them. We gave them names the worst beast we called Hindenburg. They were half starved & only given a run of $\frac{1}{4}$ hour each day. Some however were turned loose at night. To show their use - the one in the most important place the huts field was Fritz the first arrival whom we had known as a pup. He no more barked at a prisoner than a Hun, ^{but they don't} ~~know that~~. It was possible to make friends of a dog behind a sentry's back - but not Hindenburg he was a true Deutscher. The Belgians always threw stones at him

Room 10. Then were 4 officers here.



In a room with only white walls,
This was a real joy, because our imagination does not
run all over the room as that of our little allies.

All 3 out of the camp was a big disappointment. All Xmas time I dreamt my team to run on the tour. There. It was a much bigger team & I now had far more horses. A Canadian buyer, my selfish course runs off me. A Canadian buyer, my selfish course

We used to have a rock house at the head.
In June we went home by a party of singers from Standard.
Then we went across the mountains down. They said the EMS
would win our several goals anyway down. They said the EMS
would win our rock house at the head. To
win all won as they knew there was a accident up
the road down. The road down a accident up
the road down. We would win our rock house at the head.

Then we were talking so the was always talking
then we were writing so the was always talking

The next room was also an English room & we had a common verandah so now we were fairly comfortable. These verandahs were now closed in. This recalls an incident in my first room when we first arrived. In those days the verandahs were open. I used to live next the outer door. Every night I came up last & used to find the room hermetically sealed. I promptly opened the door & slept in the fresh air. Now of my companions the Belgian liked air but was a great weak thing, the Frenchman did not mind it & the Russian loathed it - but the Russian was the only man in the Room. So there was bound to be a row. It came in the first real frost when the thermometer went below zero Fahrenheit and the Russian although he slept practically on the radiator and buried his head in his bed clothes got no sleep - Next day he went to the Germans & said he was "assez froid". Of course my room mates gave me no assistance. The Germans issued an order that no window or door was to be open at night. After that I had strange to say little trouble as the door was always partly open. The inner wheels of the car I don't know. I think the Russian went to a compatriot & the compatriot complained. In any case he was all against obeying a German order. Also it was never as cold again whilst I was in that room as that night in Nov 1915. I now come to two absolute abominable attempts to get out of the camp. The first originated in my friend's brain & was for us three to lie up in the tennis court & then cut the wire & bolt. I had managed to steal a very fine wire cutter belonging to the electrician. The plan was quite feasible if it had not been for a loose dog in this field. That dog was rather a savage beast. And to be scentless was to be done. It meant for certain being shot.

I never liked the idea & as a matter of fact we were not allowed out in this field after appeal after we had hit on the idea so it fell through. The only real chance was to poison the dog. The sentry was no danger.

My next idea was the garden. My row of peas gave an excellent cover for two it had been planted for this purpose. But our party was three. It seemed the best thing to have a cucumber frame made. There was one already but alone too small. The carpenter set about the job but he took quite 10 days, it was now the beginning of August.

But in time we got all prepared. Then for some reason the Germans suddenly put a sentry on the garden. I do not think this was the work of a spy, for no one knew my plans. As I had not even told my companions the day. This idea which had seemed a gift was defeated.

But we had made up our minds to get out & with our boats etc. The only real safe way seemed to be to dig our way out. But in trying it we took on a colossal job.

At this period an escape took place of a real daring nature. A British officer & a British sailor schemed by means of a rope ladder to climb over the fence close to our original hole. It will be noted that this place is directly under the electric arc light. The scheme was due to take place on a cinema night. We in the cinema show had the following experience. About 9.30 the lights were turned on by the German officer & we were all sent to our rooms. What had happened outside was one officer tried to keep the sentry in conversation whilst the attempt was made.

* He was always brusque. If you went within a meter of the gate he ordered you away. Truly he once explained that he would be punished if he did not do so. But on the other hand many of the others did not object at all. I think if the venture had been mine I should have selected another country.

A. All sentries have the strictest orders to fire at escaping prisoners.



British Officers out walking. Photographs of German villages were not allowed to leave Germany. This particular one escaped notice.

Clausthal

10.VII.15



+ I wonder how many time I have heard the expression
"Cendre d'air" from Ruman Belgian & French.

71.

came into force, or rather they tried to enforce the old Magdeburg ones. Everyone had a pigeon hole & in it all time won places. But they had little system & as likely as not ones time was placed in someone else's hole. The parcels were issued at a window in one of the huts a long que waiting its turn to draw & sign. I generally found it convenient to be last. In the morning in theory you drew what you wanted at the same window, in practice you went into the room. All time were on removal opened by the Germans - again in theory - a great coat covers a multitude of sins.

Clausthal when we arrived in 1915 besides the dining room contained two verandah sitting rooms - The dining room being usually fragrant of meals the English took possession of a corner of one of them ^{other rooms} & kept it by means of keeping the window open. This was a cause of dispute with the room which ^{also} had access to the verandah. In the beginning of 1916 ~~the Room~~ got possession. The other verandah was occupied by the allies & was impossible. It finally became the Ruman map room & library. Thus in 1916 the only place to sit was ones bed room & as this was now nationalized it was not so bad. The washing was done locally & the fair lady used to bring it back on Saturdays. The charges were high as soap was at a premium, & we had to pay the war gains tax which was added to the bill. The washing cart was drawn by a dog, but before I left the firm were employing a horse.

There was a librarian came once a week & from him you could get maps. All these tradesmen were under the eye of the guard so care was required.

IN
UR
CATES
(see page)

11. VIII - 185

View to the East with the Broken (the highest point in the Hatz) in
the Distance.

INVEST
CENT
FIXED
CERTIFI
(see last



This is
a
continu-
ation
of the vi-
ew on page
54.
This being
the view
on N
bank

Hindenburg's Kernel covered
drain in foreground.

This sketch gave me excuse
to sit on top of tunnel.

When I was first taken prisoner, at the time we were placed
in the wine factory at Arnol I was hatter. Here I obtained
a piece of felt which was employed as a wine strainer. This
I used as a rain hat; and as a sun hat it appeared in
the summer of 1915 to everyone's amusement for it was big
and shapeless. In rigging myself up for escape purposes
the difficulty was a hat. It seemed nearly impossible
to obtain a suitable one. Ultimately I spent a whole
month in making my wine strained into a Tomburg
hat. I don't think the result was bad - unfortunately
I fear the Germans now have possession of my efforts
at spring hat making.

X Where they are blind as we fondly imagined !.

B Our friends the Belgians had a personal interest, because they also had a trap door. If the scheme had succeeded there would have been more than the English at large in Holland.



The above was the favourite kit of the Commandant. The uniform consisted of a cap and spurs. He only condescended to wear full dress or uniform of any real kind when a senior to him was visiting the camp. He lived in the mine manager's house about 200* outside the camp. Always about to go or leave for a promenade for fatness, and always at the last moment stop an escape or something untoward. Was a profiteer and big merchant.

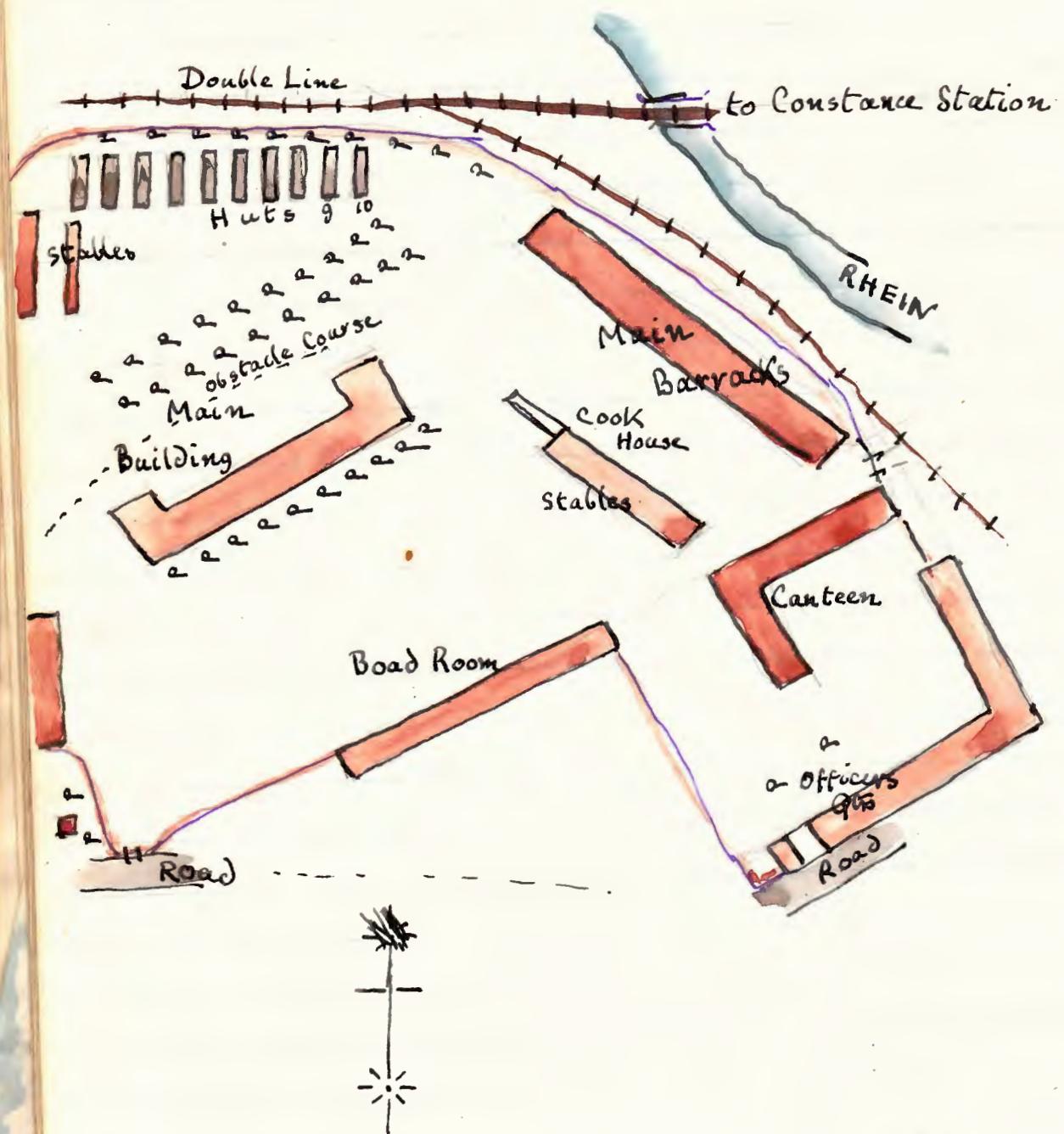
Clausenthal - Front View.



Cleusthal - Front View.



Constance



O. I came across several queer characters here. There was a man who said he was an English sailor with a German mother. That he was waiting to be sent home. He was allowed out in the town. I came across him on my arrival & when I left he was still waiting. I may have slandered him, but I ^{mistreated him}. Then was a German who asked me if I had been well treated in Germany.

An American a N.C.O in the Germany Army.

Then were 2 French Native Officers - Arabs - Very different from our native officers - They drank & smoked & gambled having become externally at any rate French officers - I mean originally they were I presume Mahomedans, to whom drinking etc is taboo.

This created a big impression at the time but a subsequent tour of duty in India, showed me that the followers of Islam are by no means as they were say a quarter of a century previously.

Coffee - bread & sausage or cheese. The bread was nothing like so bad as the war bread I had previously come across. Thus we were certainly given a living ration. For this we were charged $\frac{2}{3}$ of our pay.

Hut no. 10 to which in a few days I was transferred was outwardly exactly similar to no. 9. inwardly it was very different. The German orderlies were much inferior. It was run by a typical German Frau no doubt a worthy person & it was full of French officers. The rule here was that however many or few officers they were always to be crowded up as close together as possible in the sleeping room. No rule as to smoking was observed. The French officer on my right smoked a German pipe most of the night. There was never hot water till about 10, & the bath was only used for tea things & basins. The place was seldom ventilated & was on the hot side. Here I spent Christmas & New Year. We had a Christmas tree put up by the men in the main building. It was rather pathetic with its puny decorations. After spending about 3 weeks here relieved by the moving of one party of French we were one morning visited by a party of Swiss - and within a few hours were moved to the main building.

A party of German wounded who had come through from Switzerland now occupied the place, but they gradually were sent away to their homes. I expect they had a fairly cheerless Christmas - There were plenty of flags & evergreens & welcome home to the fatherland but little else. Any how they kept their joy pretty quietly.

Rideau 5 h.

II.

Sport.

□ □ □

Escrime

Fleuret

1. <i>Le mur au fleuret</i>	Capt. Wand-Tetley Lt. Keymeulen.
2. Assaut	

Sabre.

1. *Salut du sabre*
2. Assaut

Boxe

Assauts (2 rounds de 2 minutes)

1. Lt. Geysels et Midshipman Hoblyn
2. Lt. Coode-Bate et Lt. Long
3. Capt. Wand-Tetley et Lt. Reid

Rideau 7 h.

III.

Concert.

□ □ □

Meyerbeer.
Bizet.

1. *Marche du Prophète*
2. *L' Arlésienne — II. suite*
- a) *Pastorale*
- b) *Intermezzo*
- c) *Menuet*
3. *Marche pour Fanfares*
4. *La forge dans la forêt*
exécuté par l'Orchestre
sous la direction du chef de musique Brancheter.
5. „*Les Rameaux*“ tableau symphonique

Piano: Col. Smislovsky
Violon: Lt. Heintz
Violoncelle: Lt. Frost
Chant: Major Tonard

Smislovsky.

Henrion.
Eilenberg.

6. Chant Indou

chanté par le Maj. Tonard

Bemberg.

piano: Col. Smislovsky
Accompagnement { Violon: Lt. Heintz
Violoncello: Lt. Frost

— * —

Entracte 15 min.

IV.

1. „33 Rue du Commensal“ par 21 a.

Dick Worthington (un anglais) Capt. Mc. Guire-Bate
Jack Martell (Son ami) Lt. John Hay
Un Inspecteur de police Lt. Heintz.

(Dans l' appartement de Dick. Avenue des Champs Elysées.
Vers 6 heures du matin)

2. Danse des épées (danse écossaise) Capt. Bell.

3. One-Steep (danse et chant)

Danseur Lt. Lamble
Danseuse Capt. Wand-Tetley.

4. „Hopak“ (danse petite russe) Lt. Vassilieff.

5. „Trepak“ (danse russe) Lt. Jasikoff.

Mardi 5 Decembre 1916.

Grande représentation de Cinema

avec le concours de l' orchestre

Directeur Colonel Demin
Opérateur Lt. Grunberg.

Films :

1. Le tuteur de Mathilde, Comédie en III actes.
2. Musenkiel dans ses aventures amoureuses,
Comédie en III actes.
3. Max pédicure.
4. Maurice et le méchant cuisinier.
5. Biarritz.
6. Voyage en Abyssinie.

2640 mètres. — Commencement à $7\frac{1}{4}$ h. du soir.



TRAVERS

PROGRAMME DE LA FÊTE DE CHARITÉ ORGANISÉE

au profit des soldats prisonniers au principal
Camp de Clausen.

TRAVERS

Le 3 Décembre 1916.

I. Rue du Commandant par 212.

Dick Wopthin-gton

Anglais

Jack Martell

son Ami

Lt. Johnes Bay

Lt. Heinz Z

Un inspecteur de Police.
Dans l'appartement de Dick, Avenue des Champs Elysées.

Versailles au Matin.

Capt. Bell.

Danse des épées (Danse Ecossaise)

One Step. (Danse et élégante)

Dans le Jambé Capt. Wantz-Tegely.

Dans le Danse Russe Capt. Vassilieff.

Dans le Danse Russe Capt. Vasilioff.

2640 Mètres.

PROGRAMME DE LA FÊTE DE CHARITÉ ORGANISÉE

au profit des soldats prisonniers au principal
Camp de Clausen.

TRAVERS

Le 3 Décembre 1916.

Rideau 3,15

MATINÉE LITTÉRAIRE ET MUSICALE.

Le Vieux Campeur. Marche Potbouffi Comique Zig-Zag

Caravane Rusticane

Caravane (Solo de Pistor)

Lt. Kosolapoff

Reverie Valse

Naufrage (Dir par le

Lt. Kesteman) Copée.

Anglaise (Par le Lt. Cosset-Betzen)

Monologue Comique

Interprétation le Capt. Delamare

Le Concert. Musique Symphonique. Snislorsky

33211ADAO 3711AHG 30 3T37 AL 2C 3M 4P 0F
Jacquinet 448
Assaut 448
Sport 448

CONCERT

Ridgeaux Th.
Jacquinet 448

SPORT

Escoume

François

Sabre 311. Le mur ou plantez l'arbre

Assaut.

Assaut

I. Marche du Prophète

II. L'Apolescence, 2em suite

Passion

Introduc.

Intermezzo

Ode Menue.

(Sinfonie 3 temps)

Marche pour l'Amphitheatre

Le Moulin à eau Forest

Les Rempartiers

Piano col. A. Smislofsky.

Violon, Lt. Heintz.

Violoncelle, Lt. Fost.

Chant, Lt. Fost.

Chant par M. Torgéda.

Assaut par M. Torgéda.

Bizet

Passion

Introduc.

Intermezzo

Ode Menue.

(Sinfonie 3 temps)

Marche pour l'Amphitheatre

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Violoncelle, Lt. Fost.

Chant, Lt. Fost.

Chant par M. Torgéda.

Assaut par M. Torgéda.

III. Capit. Vancat Terley v. L'Regard

Assaut

IV. Chant Hincourt, Assaut

V. Chant par M. Torgéda, Tonnerre

Assaut

VI. Geyselets et 2 Minuttes

Assaut

VII. Godeste Bate v. L'ong

Assaut

VIII. Capit. Vancat Terley v. L'ong

Assaut

IX. Capit. Vancat Terley v. L'ong

Assaut

X. Capit. Vancat Terley v. L'ong

Assaut

a German N.C.O who watched the proceedings whilst yet another N.C.O collected the money.

If the owner had come for his parcel. The parcel must have been produced. The idea was that while No I drew his own parcel he should sign for the parcel behind the radiator & pay for it. To do this both N.C.O's eyes must be taken from the book. Here is when No II came in in the squash which was arranged he upset the saucer containing the money. No I had no difficulty now in signing for 2 parcels. He then drew his own & paid double a fact which the 2nd N.C.O did not notice. Thus the Germans books and his money were all correct, & one parcel was behind the radiator. It was sometime before it could be recovered - & then sad to relate did not contain - what was expected. But the main idea is that many things can be done when one is pushed.

In this camp we in 1916 had a selection of gramaphones & a fair number of records - also a band run by the Russians. Thus pandemonium during a great part of the day. The band practice room was in one of the wooden huts. The people who lived there must have had a happy time. It was quite sufficiently bad if you lived elsewhere.

Now from my study of the German sentry. I should have put the man on this post as the most conscientious of the guard.^x The ladder was fixed ^{all} straight to the wire at the top but when the officer began to put his weight on it the trouble began. Viz a terrific noise. "Damn it I'm going" he said - & making much noise he clambered up the fence. In the mean time the sentry was not to be put off. He dashed up blowing his whistle. But the officer was over & his companion managed in the confusion to sneak back to the house unobserved & was missed with the cinema crowd when the lights went up.

The escaped officer got clean away. He was caught near Brunswick ; it had rained every day that he was out. He came back looking rather a wreck, but of course with a certain amount of information. As to the rest in this drama - The officer who had held the sentry in talk was shortly sent away to another camp, this may have been a co-incidence, as to disclose this fact the sentry would have given himself away. The sentry for not firing was given a dose of imprisonment in the pig sty & then sent to the front.

A conversation between the 3 sentries who came to collect the officers kit was edifying. Said No. 1 Had I been on guard the officer would have been a corpse. But No. 2 & 3 did not agree. All they would have done would have been to have fired their rifles. (A)

As a sequel to this event the officer in question was sent to another camp. And here we have an example of German methods - On his departure he was given the mucksack which he used & in it was his civilian clothes.

We now had a Cinema show twice a week. Thursdays & Sundays. It was run by the Russians. The films were mostly pre-war ones. Some vulgar, some sordid drama, some vicious & some educational.

Of one event which occurred in the early days at Clausthal I have not set down. There was a men's camp about 400 yards away which supplied the labour for the mines. One day we saw a man crucified there. That is hung up on a cross with his feet off the ground for punishment. A general protest was put in — the night was not repeated. The husband of the lady who ran the Canteen Wedeken was a Feldwebel of rats. His job was the general supervision of Canteens or something of that sort. He talked good English. Was always willing to cash a cheque at a small discount. This was useful at the period quite a short one when the pay authorities refused to give anything but pre-war rates. He was at any rate in 1916 a pessimist as far as his own country was concerned. He used to give little tit bits of news — which doubtless emanated from his socialist friends. We now could obtain all German papers including the "Vorwärts". But he was really a German as the following incident will show. One day walking round the outside of the Camp one of the watch dogs had the impertinence to bark at him. He drew his sword & stuck it down the dog's mouth, with the result that the animal nearly died. It had not properly got over it when I left months afterwards.

Now as to the elections of German lieutenants. First came Comrat the reason of the nick name is obvious. He

had some gentlemanly instincts. Thus on a walk if no one wished to speak to him & it was unlikely they did - he was quite satisfied to walk by himself. He was very conscientious. He came with another not a bad kind broad minded, but he was out when the French escaped & soon left. Council went to the front in the summer 1916 followed by a new sort. He was always in the camp, always moving about. On walks wanted ~~wanted~~^{seemed to} to be talked to. Always ~~wanted~~^{wanted} to be friendly. But he failed to find the perpetrators of the tunnel & he left. He was followed by a person hideously ugly very sluttishly, all body, short legs did not see him long enough to form an opinion on him. At any rate he was not always round the camp.

As to parcels - our parcels were fetched from the station by the guard in a handcart & were issued as a rule promptly. For this a charge of 10 pfs & 5 pfs for a very little one such as a box of cigarettes was made. This went as backsheesh to the guard. This imposition was knocked on the head in the summer of 1916. The contents were carefully examined. One was not allowed to have the paper or the box. All books were taken away & sent to Osnabrück to be censored - this took as a rule 4 weeks - but in some cases much longer. It was however possible to evade a certain amount of searching & as a rule the Germans in this office were reasonable. I missed quite a lot of parcels from England - but whether they were looted in Germany I don't know. Occasionally a parcel would arrive damaged. This was shown with a X on the list put up. Then you would be lucky if you received half the original contents. In the autumn of 16 new regulations

A hair cutter came twice a week with a boy of about 11. There was a lady who sold watches some with luminous dials. Then as, a local tailor & a tailor from Halle the latter, was a kind of cheap jack ^{who} must have earned money. The N.C.O usually present was a Socialist. The local tailor must have demanded 12" in girth, ^{during the time? saw him}. He was always on the subject of privations. I got a suit of mufli from this fellow: a criminal offence. ^{one and all} local tailor. All they wanted was money.

Our place was a mass of flag poles. There were no less than 4 in official use. On the occasion of "Fahnen herau" the flags of the 4 central powers flew from the various poles - except the one at the top of the house which only flew the German rag. When we asked on the occasion of the success! of the last German loan why the flags were up - the sentry whom job it was, replied "another garnison".

One day a drunken Russian on警备 dashed up to the flag pole & tried to pull the flags down & he and the German officer had a shooting match. I think the matter ended there.

Our letters during the greater part of ~~our stay~~ time were censored at Osnabrück. There were two censors P3 & P7. P3 used to make remarks in pencil. It was an unsatisfactory arrangement & one was always complaining of the delay in receipt of letters & the time they took to get home. The first censoring was done at Hanau & I think it was even worse there. I personally have any amount of letters missing.

We elected to dig our tunnel from the bottom hut into the covered drain. In summer there was little water in it



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once you could get into the drain, which was boarded over ^{unseen.}

73.

There was plenty of room to get along it. The main difficulty was Hindenburg as finally a string of people would walk out under his nose. As a matter of fact when the tunnel was nearing completion, Hindenburg knew of it. I think he thought there was an enormous rat. Any way when he was let loose he dashed to the spot in the drain when the mouth would have ultimately have been & began to tear at the boards & dig. It was real fine to see the sentry violently kicking him for destroying Kaiserlich property. It took two doors of ^{his treatment} kicking before he gave it up. We started work early in August by cutting a hole in the floor of the English Room in the Hut. This was hidden in the room by a mat which I had constructed during the winter underneath we used our artistic talents. I will say it ^{they} was good. For new workmen on the job could never find their way back alone. In the end the Germans searched for a trap door, ^{and} they found two but not the right one. The shaft of the tunnel was nearly the length of the building from the way down. This also defeated the enemy. Underneath ^{the hut where we were working,} there was about a 2' space between the floor & the earth. The Germans had 3 doors by which they could go in under the building. There they used by night. It was quite easy for us to tell when any door had been lifted. We worked every day, & all day by reliefs & then covered up the mouth of the shaft with boards on these earth so that it was exactly like the surrounding ground. We also laid many traps to see if things went found out. At first it would have been very hard to discover but by & by the stuff out of the mine got beyond all

proportions & being a different colour to the ground we knew would give us away if a German should investigate far - But the distance he must go would certainly dirty his trousers. The digging was very hard being shale mostly. Nearly all crowbar work. We went right under the path & always dreaded that the Russian General would one day come through & bury the then navy - We used the bed boards provided by Government for boarding up. But we met with ~~the~~ great difficulty, water. After heavy rain & there was a lot, ^{this autumn} the water from the ditch flooded our works & no bailing was any use. It was a case of waiting till the tide fell. We however knew to be caught meant 2 yrs imprisonment. We had an elaborate spy system. 40 feet of work was required. It was almost finished when another flood came. It was now 20th Sept: Too late to carry out our scheme. This being so, various members elected to make a dash ~~in~~ other way. Use the trap door cut the fence ~~in front~~ & out. The fence was cut by day as everyone ~~but~~ the Germans knew. Then was however bad staff management. The first man getting through the fence ~~to find~~ ^{found} a German with his rifle pointed 2 yards away. He did the only thing possible bolted. Sentry fired and missed. Then Hindenburg & the rest of the pack were set on the trail - but they ran in any direction but the right one - And never kicking would not enlighten them as to the role they ought to play.

Our tunnel now missed fire - & the Germans found it out. We knew the exact day. Whether it was by searching how the officer had got out of his room, or whether as Wedderburn said they were told by a spy & never would

^{we were aware}

have found it out I don't know. We knew they ^{were aware} it was the English who had been working. We burnt all our muddy clothes & hid if truth be said in fear & trembling. In the meantime we replaced the vacant bed boards by ~~one~~^{one} from the squash court which was having new walls. For ten days nothing occurred. Then the Germans with lanterns, ropes & spades proceeded to investigate. During this time a man with a gun had watched the place but of course no one went near it. They spent that afternoon & next morning digging it up. A sentry was posted on the place. The wood as it came up was placed beside the building. A crowd of course assembled. Then at a preconcerted moment every Belgian seized a board & bolted, everyone got away except the one with the spade. He ran right into Caifer who said "Geben sie mir das". The little matter of deficient bed boards was now righted. They never found ^{our} the trap door. Next day an inspector of prisons visited the English room turned out the occupants & searched the boxes apparently for dirty clothes. He found nothing. After ^{this} the German lieutenant was very talkative to us trying to find out information. He had been certain that they would find the wood of the squash court in the tunnel but he was wrong. All they got was a button which was sent to the intelligence Berlin for investigation. As it belongs ^{to} ~~did not~~ the R.A.M.C. Corps that won't lead them far.

Just at this moment a Flying Corps Officer by the use of the garden, my set of mufi, wire cutters, & his knowledge of German got right to the Dutch frontier.

The result of all this was the curtailing of the exercise ground

by 4 metres all round - the abolition of the gardens - the usual non walk staff and the sending away of all the English orderlies. It was given out that they were going to a men's camp - As a matter of fact they were sent to the salt mines. All the men employed such as the carpenter & gardener were sent away. Later too, the Lieutenant left. Thus did the innocent suffer for the guilty.

About now we had a surprise visit from the General one Sunday. We found it was in consequence of a complaint made against the Commandant. He said there was a "couch" in the camp. I would lay odds it was a Belgian though we never found out. The points brought forward were mostly true, viz unkindly drunk & drunkenness & that the Canteen was exploiting us.

A staff officer came & held a long enquiry the result of which was the complete vindication of the Commandant. He was furious & put up the price of some of the wines & stopped all entertainments.

We agreed amongst ourself that we would all boycott the Canteen. The commandant capitulated in two days.

In the summer he gave out that the Camp was surrounded by a live wire & he would not be responsible for the lives of any one approaching the fence - He did not think much of our brain power or that some of us had an elementary knowledge of electricity & that others were using that knowledge to use the current for lighting for ^{their} own purposes.

On Nov 14^E. I went before the Swiss Commissioner & was recommended for Switzerland.

About this time an entertainment was being got up the proceeds to be sent in gifts etc to the men's camp, any surplus being sent to Serbian prisoners. The chief organizer was a Ruman

Colonel who spoke excellent English. The detail as to how the things were to be got there seemed sketchy in the extreme. There was a committee & I consented to design covers for programmes. It was no easy work in the limited space & people shaking the room all the time.

In the end it was decided that these programmes, there had been about 120 done in the place, should be put up to auction. They went in my opinion for wicked prices - they were nearly all bought by the English & fetched £300. Mine I am glad to say only fetched about 17 marks each & was bought by the allies. I attack one, it cost me 10 marks & this was what I considered my limit to charity. I may add I had to sit through the whole auction to get in. As to the performance itself - It was on the whole well done, the music being high class - Capt Ward Tetley made an excellent girl & ^{the one step} ~~that~~ was one of the best turns. Some of the Russians danced beautifully.

On the 14th Dec at 2' o'clock I was warned by the interpreter to be ready to start for Switzerland at 5. This Interpreter was a fairly new importation. Always trying to listen to conversations. The Lieutenant used to take him on walks one would often find him stealing up behind. We called him the spy. When William the Parson from Berlin visited us, which he did 4 times a year, the spy was now always in his pocket.

When I was warned to get ready I had nothing packed & no boxes - But by the help of my fellow room mates & the good grace of an officer who gave me a basket. I got my baggage down last. It was then supposed to be searched by Captain who asked me if I had anything

in it which I ought not to have. As my contraband was neither in my baggage or on my person there was no difficulty here. But it was a big rush & I only got on parade last to find the man who was to give me my notes had not turned up. I sent someone for him & got them at the very last moment.

We left Clausthal amidst an air of Straf - straf against the English - An Australian Flying officer who had been passed for Switzerland went off to do 2 yrs imprisonment which he had been awarded by a Court Martial for being so it was alleged too open in his criticisms of the German Navy. 2 officers off the Aspm one Naval & the other Military went off to a punishment camp because some German N-C-O in the Camerons had been sentenced to a long imprisonment for being caught with sporting ammunition on his person. It was a Kais which try to get his sentence reduced.

« This officer arrived in Switzerland in March having thus done 3 months imprisonment.

CONSTANCE.

We walked down to the station a mixed party of English French & Belgians (about 3 of each). At the station we had something like half an hours wait. It was rather pleasing to look at the electric lights of the camp in the distance & to think that in all probability it was the last time that my eyes would be offended with the sight. The Journey to Constance was a night mare. Caiper took us as far as Wildermaen. Here we were joined by a German Lieutenant who took us the rest of the journey. He spoke French & English & I think did his best for us. We started about 6 p.m. on the 14th. and arrived somewhere about midday on the 16th. We changed I think 13 times on the way. We spent 6 hours of the night of the 14-15th in the ladies waiting room at CASSAL. after a long wait at another spot where we had beer & had our money given us. We had a midday halt in FRANKFORT and spent many hours of the night 15th-16th in a red cross hut at a place whose name I have forgotten. For food on the journey we were allowed to patronize the stations restaurants. Then we obtained potatoes in some guise or another, coffee (so called) and perhaps beer. I presume the 15th December was a meatless day for there was no meat on any of the menus. I noticed notices about being careful not to waste potatoes put up in the stations in Hanau. Also in every station & train notices to soldiers to look out for spies there they could tell from their speech. All the large stations were filled with soldiers of different ages and ranks coming home to presume for a Christmas Furlough. There was no uniforms to them English such as a I saw at the commencement of the

war. In fact the English speaking German seemed to wish to make himself pleasant. always starting with the question "How long do you think that the war will last?". All were under the delusion that it would be over in the near future. Of course the Kaiser's peace proposals were then in the air, at the same time the comments on the same in the Allies press was freely published in the German papers.

On arrival at Constance I was marched to the camp which is a hospital in the local barracks on the German side of the Rhine. Here I spent 6 weeks in Barrack q, Barrack w and the main building. The quarters in each were somewhat different. We were rushed before a Board on the morning of the 17th. The result of the examination was given out on the morning of the 21st. There were 2 other English before this Commission they had arrived just before us. They were rejected and sent back to Hildburghausen. We were told the 3 of us in course of time would go to Switzerland. The place is all rules & regulations - some good, some bad. One was only allowed out for exercise from 9-11 ^{h.m.} to 3-5. This was put up with a kind of excuse underneath to the effect that there were the same hours as the French allowed ^{The German prisoners.} at Lyons. The exercise ground was the court on which German Squads of recruits were working. Hence my exercise revolved itself into a miserable up & down in front of the main building. The weather was on the whole execrable. When we first arrived there was snow & frost and similar weather during our last week, but the rest of the time was rain & slush with a mild day or two in the middle. There was an canteen run by the Swiss in which

one could buy a certain amount of edibles. As during my time here I received neither letters nor parcels this was useful - whilst my money lasted.. After Christmas when practically everyone had crossed over, it was difficult to get anything. The Daniels who provided had to be fetched out of the German soldier's canton by us, and if asked to procure such things as tobacco or post cards invariably forgot. It was always "Morgen" with them. For the first four weeks we were always given hopes that we would be leaving in 5 days, but after that we were honestly told we were being kept for reprisals. ◎

The German drill had ~~got~~ ^{become} considerably more practical since the days I saw it on the barrack square at Magdeburg. Now it is mostly bayonet exercise & machine gun drill, though they still spend an hour or so on games. A new draft of recruits came up on New Year's Day, they looked like undernourished youths of 16 or 17.

Barrack q in which I was first placed was a long ward with 50 beds. Not many were occupied. It was run by a German nurse, strangely to relate - a lady. She spoke English quite well & lent us books. No smoking was allowed in the sleeping part. It was fairly well ventilated & kept on the cold side. At 7.30 when we were hot water & a bath was to be obtained. There was one bath to each hut. The feeding was the same in the 3 places I went to. At 7.45 - Breakfast - Coffee & a solid chunk of whitened bread - In the middle of the morning a cup of milk or soup. This was not a certainty but appeared 3 out of 4 days. Dinner at 1 - Soup - Meat & vegetables - or fish (Very bad) & potatoes ^{& bread} - Tea at 5. Coffee - Bread (Always our variety) butter or jam - Supper



Smislovsky.

ossolapoff.

Tschaikovsky.

aise
orchestre

direction du chef de musique Brachteter.

agé, monologue
par le Lt. Kesteman.

F. Coppée.

son anglaise

dite par le Lt. Coode Bate.

Le Rémuleur“, monologue comique
dit par le Capt. de Lamaze.

„Le Conte“. tableau symphonique
piano: Lt. Kamentzeff.

Smislovsky.

Programme

*de la fête de charité organisée au profit
des soldats prisonniers du principal
Camp de Clausthal.*

□ □ □ □

Le 3 Décembre 1916.



I.

Rideau 3 h 15 m.

Matinée Littéraire et Musicale.

- | | |
|---|---------------|
| 1. „ <i>Le vieux camarade</i> “, Marche | Sousa. |
| 2. <i>Potpourri comique „Zig-Zag“</i> | Fetras. |
| 3. <i>Cavalleria Rusticana</i> | Mascagni. |
| 4. „ <i>Serenade</i> “
<i>solo de piston — Lt. Kossolapoff.</i> | Smislovsky. |
| 5. <i>Le doux rêve — Valse</i>
<i>exécutés par l'orchestre</i>
<i>sous la direction du chef de musique Branchteter.</i> | Tschaikovsky. |
| 6. „ <i>Le Naufragé, monologue</i>
<i>dit par le Lt. Kesteman.</i> | F. Coppée. |
| 7. <i>Chanson anglaise</i>
<i>dite par le Lt. Coode Bate.</i> | |
| 8. „ <i>Le Rémoleur</i> “. <i>monologue comique</i>
<i>dit par le Capt. de Lamaze.</i> | |
| 9. „ <i>Le Conte</i> “. <i>tableau symphonique</i>
<i>piano: Lt. Kamentzoff.</i> | Smislovsky. |

The German method of cleaning a room is as follows. Sprinkle the floor with water to lay the dust, then run over with a hard brush. This is the only cleaning I have ever seen done except the dining Room at Clausthal which was washed out once a week - (Constance hospital certainly was not). Also of course when we had an English sleeping room, our orderlies swept it out & cleaned when ordered.

But to continue. The Baron was accompanied by the Camp Commandant an ancient major with more or less gentlemanly instincts. No tris of food stuff were allowed to leave Germany; this we knew from previous searches - I had brought a fair amount with me - but all the decent food such as hams, jam cocoa ^{etc} had been looted out of my box on the journey to Constance. I had a few tris left then I carefully punctured. The Baron said I could send them back to a camp - and I sent about 2lbs of tea saying the few tris they could do what they liked with. I hope they may poison a German or two.

This taking of food is most illogical, as a percentage of parcels which were forwarded to Clausthal after I left, were sent on by the Germans unopened to Switzerland.

However I lost all my food, all my soap, every scrap of paper with writing on it. That is to say all the careful notes I had made in French when I tried to study the language. My shorthand notes - all financial & private notes - My tennis balls were taken there the Baron said could be sent back to a camp. My whistle which I had been permitted to keep so far was taken "as spoil of the German army".

A great many of my drawings were also removed. I do

not know on what system.

I had a certain amount of information & addresses which I wished to get over. The English & German tennis rackets are not quite constructed on the same lines. I brought over a German one although it would have been more logical to use an English one. ^{I wonder why they make them with hollow handles. At the time I arrived.} ~~On this subject I think enough has been said. This fact had escaped their notice.~~

After a fairly thorough search we were allowed to fall out. Our pay was then squared up. In our case it was made out correctly that we had been overpaid at Clausthal & we had to make things square. This I did with a cheque for eleven marks. ^{To give the devil his due, his accountancy was quite fair.}

After tea we were given an early supper there two meals nearly coinciding. We were then taken to the station in Hospital motors. For this no charge was made. They charged us however for both taking our kit up to the camp on arrival & departure at the rate of 50 pf a parcel.

On arrival at the station we were placed in the Red Cross waiting room under charge of a Doctor. The door was locked but we had no other guard. Here we waited till everyone arrived. All the soldiers came also in the hospital motor which made many journeys. The party consisted of both French & English. We all had great labels tied to our coats with our destination on them.

After waiting 1½ hours there was a move - & various parties were placed in the train according to their labels. We came last. It was quite a little walk to our destination. In the train we found a Swiss Doctor. But there was also a German Staff Officer. He was somewhat interested in the native officers & could not understand why they did not speak English.

We were joined by 4 other English officers a Colonel & 3 majors who had been sent to a camp after passing the board, for trials.

In due course the train moved out. In a very short time I saw the German & Swiss Sentry boxes on the side of the line. Then the Swiss Doctor shook hands and said now you are in Switzerland. A sigh of relief here was not I think out of place.

Note A. He first of all planted fir trees outside them along the inside of the boundary fence. These were of course most useful in an escape. The hole we originally made in the fence was screened by a large fir tree from the sentry on the beat in the tennis field. The Russian hole would have also been quite impractical except for these same trees. When the officer escaped out of the bottom fence, all the young trees both outside & inside this fence were dug up. This at the time gave us all shivers for one was almost if not quite on the top of our tunnel. A kind of garden was constructed outside the front of the camp & this also was decked with paths & fir trees. Here also there was a wood, all the lower branches of which were cut down. It was on a little hill. A path & steps were made & on the top was constructed what purported to be a summer house. Here perhaps the commandant could rip his beer ~~& watching the prisoners~~ in seclusion with two lady friends! It also seemed an ideal place for a machine gun to command the camp.

Take all this in conjunction with the ornamental trees

put in'. All this was in no way done for the benefit of the prisoners. The front garden for instance was only used for exercising prisoners, that is officers sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. And this only for a short time. The Germans soon found it was simpler to turn every one out of the tennis court field & exercise their prisoners there. Undoubtedly the place was having much spent on it for some ulterior motive. I should say that not only we but also the German Imperial Government were being exploited.

At Clausthal there were various methods of getting English papers into the Camp. One which succeeded for a long time was a parcel containing a rotten cabbage underneath this was a copy of the Times. The cabbage was passed over without a question - but in the end it was discovered. Chocolates too came in useful as these were passed over without much search.

Once it was essential to get a parcel through without search. It was managed thus. The person whose parcel it was had only one ^{parcel} and he did not go near the place. Three confederates were necessary. One was the Belgian officer who used to assist the Germans in the distribution of parcels - his job was simply to hide this particular parcel behind the radiator. It had to be cunningly hidden for the Germans cleaned the place afterwards. The others had a rather more complicated role to play. № 1 went up to draw his parcel in the ordinary way. A book is kept in which each parcel is entered it is signed for by the officer who then paid his 10 pfs or whatever it might be. At the table sat

SETTLEMENT, MAY 17.
WAR OFFICE, MAY 17.
REGULAR FORCES.
COMMANDS AND STAFF.

The follg. appts. are made:—

GENERAL STAFF.

G.S.O., 3RD GRADE.—Capt. J. A. L. Caunter, Glouc. R. (May 9).

A.G'S. AND Q.M.G'S. STAFF.

A.Q.M.G.—Bt. Lt.-Col. (temp. Col.) H. Findlay, E. Kent R., relinquishes his temp. rank on vacating his appt. (April 14).

D.A.Q.M.G.—Maj. K. H. Gregory, R.A. (May 4).

SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS.

(Graded for purposes of pay as Staff Lts., 2nd Cl.)—Maj. W. B. Dunn, R. Dub. Fus., Spec. Res., from the 3rd Cl. (Nov. 28, 1917, to Jan. 28).

Temp. Lt.-Col. F. G. Barker (Lt.-Col., ret., Spec. Res.) relinquishes his temp. commn. (March 22).

ATTACHED TO HQQR. UNITS.

BRIG. MAJS.—Capt. B. V. Ramsden, York R., vice Maj. T. G. Mathias, D.S.O., Welsh R. (May 3).

Capt. H. S. Johnson, W. York R., from a Staff Capt., vice Temp. Sec. Lt. (temp. Capt.) D. L. Melville, Gen. List., who relinquishes his temp. rank (May 7).

STAFF CAPTS.—Capt. G. Walkinshaw, K. R. Btl. C., vice Maj. E. Stone, D. Gds. (May 3).

Maj. P. E. H. Lowe, W. York R., vice Temp. Capt. R. G. Groom, Gen. List (May 6).